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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

"No Great Loss Without Some Small Gain," Says Writer About Racing Ban

Winter is the letter-writing season for readers of the turf press. Naturally at that interval they feel more like unburdening their minds—especially to writers for the turf press—than at any other. Though, of course, winter "ain't what it uster be," in a racing sense, ordinarily speaking.

In times gone by winter racing meant little except to those who followed it for speculative and financial reasons. As far as sporting ones were concerned, it had no *raison d'être*. But of late years all that has changed—and, but for untoward circumstances, the once-hibernating season is one during which some of the most important meetings are held.

Before racing became so intensely commercialized, so thoroughly taxatious and so perfectly profit-taking, only the platers raced through the winter. With the advent of the palatial plants in Florida and California, all that was changed. For the Class A, B and C steeds the chase of the dollar became a year-round affair.

And this, as might be expected, having had causes, had also consequences.

One of the latter being that the wear and tear of year-round racing took its inevitable toll of the participants... Yet another being that when the "regular" season opened

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Youngsters Are Giving Excellent Exhibitions In Barbara Worth Shows

By Railbird

Another triumph in the series of informal winter horse shows at the Barbara Worth Stables of Sacramento, California, was held on Sunday, February 18, in the form of the Spring Children's horse show. Planned around the younger children, with classes for those youngsters who had never won a ribbon, and for ones under 14, the 14-18 group was still allowed a few events, and even the adults had a chance at some ribbons. Equitation and hands and seat jumping were the features of each age group, and as always in these shows, some top riding was exhibited.

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Brandywine Sets Date For Annual Point-To-Point

Each year as the hunting season draws to a close, many hunts hold point-to-points but these events have become almost a thing of the past. Many of them will be resumed after the war but at the present time, it isn't possible to continue the activities.

The first point-to-point to be listed this season is the Brandywine Hills Point-to-Point, West Chester, Pennsylvania, which will be held on April 7 at 2:00 p. m.

It will consist of a ladies' race and a men's race. The conditions remain the same as in previous years in that it is a race for local horses and local riders only. The committee deemed it necessary to take the word "amateur" out of the conditions this time.

There seems to be a great deal of interest around the country in a Point-to-Point this year. There is a possibility of 8 or 9 starters in the ladies' race and 10 or 12 riders in the men's race. Because of this interest and the fact that it is for local riders and horses and therefore would require no transportation, the yearly event is scheduled.

The course is to be in the same country but entirely changed from last year. It will be approximately 5 miles and will be laid on Esco Farms, Ted Baldwin's and Mrs. Riggs' Georgia Farm.

Boulder Brook Is Putting On Series Of Monthly Shows

At Boulder Brook Club in Scarsdale, New York, they have started a series of monthly shows, the one on February 25 being the second one to date.

Supper is served in the club house and thanks to Freeman, who works miracles in the kitchen, this day's golden brown turkey was reminiscent of Thanksgiving.

The 15 classes were all well filled and all good fun, starting with the lead-rein and ending with an exciting pair jumping class which was won by the invincible pair, Mrs. F. C. Irons and Peter Packard on Victory Lad and Dorothy M.

Another good class was the trotting contest—break and out—won by Elizabeth Ham's fine Virginia mare, Secret Lady.

The hunters were in good form with Anne Morningstar's Better Marked winning the working hunters.

Attention should be shown to a young 4-year-old, Matalong, owned by Kent George Homewood. He won the open hunters.

Mimi deBaubigny, who is back in the saddle again, rode her chestnut gelding, Warrior, to victory in both the bridle path hacks and the hunter hacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Carver of Garrison, New York were kept

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Camden Confines Its Show To War Time Regulations

Success Of Event Proves It Can Be Done Under Ban Restrictions

On Washington's Birthday, the heavens literally opened, and consequently the Camden, South Carolina local horse show was postponed until Saturday, February 24, and was rewarded with a warm, sunshiny day. The turnout for the show was excellent, considering that it was an entirely local affair and exhibitors and spectators alike, seemed to enjoy the afternoon of informal sport. The affair was simple in the extreme, with no admission charge or entrance fee, all post entries and of course, only local exhibitors, and its success goes to show that it is still possible to have an afternoon of equine sport within the necessary wartime restrictions.

The show was judged by a group of those people now in Camden, namely; Mrs. Samuel Russell, Mrs. Burly Cocks, Granger Gaither, Colonel John Wall, Mrs. Richard Baykin, James Ryan and Andrew Baykin, each judge officiating in one or more classes. Harry Kirkover served as ring steward, ably assisted by Dwight Partridge.

The event was primarily organized to encourage the younger element, as the children in this community are exceptionally keen, though somewhat lacking in equine experience. The horsemanship class was unusual in that the three rib-

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Delhi On Horseback

By Major Philip K. Crowe

The late afternoon sunlight slanted through the scrub thorn trees and glittered on the brass cannon of General Bernard. In the shallow trenches along the Ridge above Old Delhi, his 3,000 British and a lone battalion of loyal Gurkhas waited the assault of 40,000 mutinous sepoys. Today, the growth of a century obscures the battle lines but viewing the city from the crumbling earth works, it is easy to imagine the scene of June 12th, 1857.

There are many ways of seeing the Ridge, tombs, palaces and ruins of the seven Delhis, but bumping along in a tonga or a rickety taxi with a semi-educated Punjabi shouting in one's ear is more of a duty than a pleasure. Riding to them, however, after first learning something of their histories, has all the charm of exploration, especially since one is under no obligation to stick to the

roads. A map of the greater city, a glance at the Guide book and a sure-footed whaler are all one needs.

My favorite ride starts at the wrought iron gates of Hyderabad's Palace. From there, I canter across the lawns of the Central Vista to the city gate of Kair Ul Manada. Under it, at this time of the evening, stream a throng of sweepers, the criminal tribesmen, classed as untouchable by most of India, but always singing as they walk back to their hovels in the sweepers village just outside the walls. The men salaam and the women draw their shawls over bright eyes in case they offend. Only the little naked babies, carried usually by their elder brothers or sisters, smile unashamed.

A scant quarter mile from the gate rise the walls of the old Fort of Indrapat, also known as Purana

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Honors Well Divided In Schooling Shows At Shaker Heights

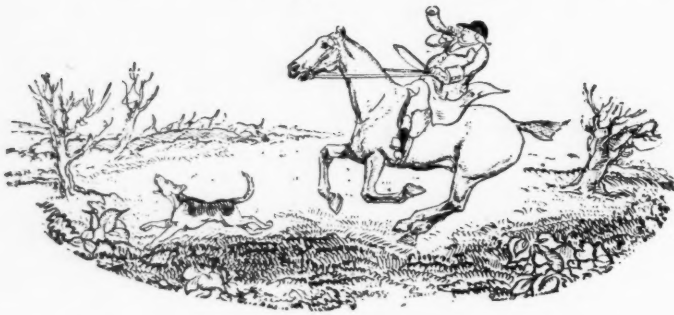
By Margot Harris

The schooling shows at 107th Cavalry Armory, Shaker Heights, Ohio, are now at the half way mark. It is nice to know that a horse, which at the beginning of the season was not up to his usual form, still has the opportunity to be in the running for the championship. Because of the large number of entries in the classes this year, the ribbons are well scattered. This gives fine competition and is much more fun than if one horse were winning every time.

The first class in the fourth show was a fault and out event. This was won by Dixie Way, ridden by Jane

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Hunting Notes:-



"Alice Learns A Thing Or Two"

By A. Henry Higginson

Chapter Eleven

Two hours later they were sitting by the open window in the Morning Room having breakfast—bacon and eggs and coffee—for Jack had learned to like coffee in the morning better than the tea, on which he had been brought up.

"You know," said Alice, "I never had any idea, until I married you, how much thought and time and trouble the Mastership of a pack of hounds entailed—that is, if the Master really did his job. Of course, there are many men in America—and I dare say in England too—who write 'M. F. H.' after their names, and wear a red coat and a velvet cap, and carry a horn on their saddle, ("which half of them can't blow," interjected Jack) — "who leave everything to their huntsman; but they miss a lot of pleasure and it doesn't really make much difference whether they know anything or not—so long as they have a good Huntsman. I've only lately come to realize that to be a good Master of Hounds means that a man must be willing to give up pretty much everything else—it's what we'd call a 'whole time job' in America; isn't it?"

"Yes," answered her husband, "I think it is. I didn't realize it myself, though I might have known that men with such brains and executive ability as Lord Henry Bentinck, would not have been satisfied with any work, which hadn't entailed just that. Did you know that Disraeli, who was an intimate friend of Lord Henry Bentinck's, once said that the latter would have been a great Prime Minister if he hadn't been a great Master of Foxhounds?"

"I'm afraid my knowledge of English History is too rudimentary to have known that," laughed Alice, "but I have seen how much of your time it takes up, and it's mighty interesting. All I want you to do is to 'carry me along'—as it were—and explain things to me, and the reason for doing them, at the time they are done."

"I'll try," said Jack, "but I'll tell you what you'd better do—you've read Peter Beckrod's 'Thoughts on Hunting', now read another book, another two in fact, both by the same author,— an artist and a Master of Hounds. Read Cecil Aldin's 'From Ratcatcher to Scarlet' and then his 'From Scarlet to M. F. H.' They're charmingly written and they're not too technical and I think they'd give you a good idea of the work that has to be done, and the best method of doing it. But you

must have heard about this end of the game from Henry Lincoln. God knows, he's made enough of a study of it."

"Yes," said Alice, "he has, and he did talk to me a great deal about it; but you must remember that, in the first place, his experience was wholly in America; the pack he bred was bred to hunt under American conditions—and moreover," she added smiling, "he had many things to say to me that had nothing to do with foxhunting. I'll read the two books you suggest, but I want you to tell me your reasons for doing things when they are done. For example,— I heard you tell Fowler today that you thought you'd have to draft Saracen. Now, I know Saracen by sight,—he was Third Prize Puppy, wasn't he? Why do you think you'll have to draft him? He's a very good-looking young doghound, and he seems to run up all right. What's the matter with him?"

"Well," answered Jack, "that's one of the things which you ought to have observed. Have you ever heard him speak yet? He ought to have been named 'Silence'—not 'Saracen'. I saw him make two hits today, and both times he went away on the line by himself without saying 'boo' about it. It's a very bad fault; and if he doesn't get over it, he'll have to go—no matter how good he is in every other respect."

"I see," said Alice, "and now let me ask you another question. We've got a nice, little bitch called Gaylass. I heard you tell Fowler you were afraid she was a 'runner'—she doesn't seem to run very well; she's always lagging behind. What did you mean by that expression—a 'runner'?"

"A hound that can't gallop, owing to a bad back, usually caused by a paralysis of the nerves as a result of a disease of some sort; whose gait is a trot—or a pace—sometimes one and sometimes the other—is termed a 'runner', and the best thing to do is to put 'em down.'"

"Well, that's something I never heard of."

"You know what 'pig-mouthed; or swine-chopped'—they both mean the same thing—is, don't you?"

"Yes," said Alice laughing, "that's a rude word for 'overshot' isn't it? I know lots of people that are that way. I know what 'undershot' is too. I once heard Bob Westcott describe it as the result of an accident to a puppy who was hit on the head with a shovel when he was hot."

"That's a good one," laughed Jack, "and a new one on me. Well,"

he added rising, "I've got to go with Hardy this morning. He wants me to go to see old Mrs. Pilkington, who lives on the Down Farm at the far end of the estate. She wants a new thatch put on her house, and he thinks we'd better let her have it; but wants me to see it first. Her husband died a few months ago and her boy is a shiftless beggar, and the old girl is trying to run the farm herself. I told him I'd go and he's coming for me in a few minutes. I'll be back in time for lunch."

That afternoon, when Jack went down to the kennels to see the hounds walked out after feeding, Alice went with him; and always, after that, she tried to make a point of accompanying him on his daily visits, and listening to the talk which went on between him and Fowler. The season wore on and the Field, which had been only very small in early September, began to get larger, as the hours of meeting were changed from 6:00 to 7:00 to 8:00 to 9:00 and finally to 10:00 o'clock.

By the middle of October the Young Entry had been drafted down to 17 1-2 couple. "I want to put on about 15 couple of young 'uns," Jack said, "I think we'll have to let about 8 couple of old hounds go, and if we're going to keep the pack up to its present strength, we ought to have about twice as many young 'uns at the beginning of the season; because there'll be accidents—and then too, we'll have a lot of bitches in whelp and unfit to hunt, from the 1st of February on. We ought to draft two or three more couple of young 'uns now and say—eight couple of six-and five—season hounds that are worn out. They've been good schoolmasters, but they can't run up any more. It's always a sad task—"Drafting Day"—I hate it; unless I know that my draft is going to some place where they'll be appreciated and well looked after. It's like getting rid of an old tried and trusted servant ('or an old worn-out hunter,' interjected Alice. 'I don't suppose one can let sentiment play too strong a hand. I don't think I want to come down to the kennels and watch that proceeding. I read all about it in one of the books I found in your Hunting Library the other day; almost made me cry.') "I know," said Jack, "Drafting Day" ('in Scott Anderson's 'Holloas from the Hills'. He was a Master of Hounds himself—the Jed Forest, up in Scotland—he wrote some charming verses. I think I can quote the one you mean:—

'And now comes a task which causes some pain,

'To take out the drafts from those that remain.
'We must draft 'Rockwood', of late he's got slow;
'Galloper', also, he's let down a toe,
'Comely', old lady, 'tis hardly your blame
'That so early in life you got kennel lame.

'Factor,' you fraud, with your tongue you're too free;
'Of all things a babbler is hateful to me.
'Rosalind,' too, is a jealous old jade,
'Tho' once she was good as ever they're made.

'These and the others I mentioned before,
'Alas! must go down, and one or two more.'

"Yes, those are the verses I meant, I'm afraid I should be too sentimental to be a Master of Hounds," said his wife.

I've told Fowler what I wanted done," went on Jack, "and I've told him to put down some of the old hounds, rather than sell them. You know, I promised three couple of old bitches to him as well. They can't run up, but they'll do to breed from—and Spaniard and Socialist, too. They're both good stallion hounds and should do him a world of good. They're going to be shipped the first of next week; but the others—well, I just don't want to know what happens to them."

Continued on Page Six

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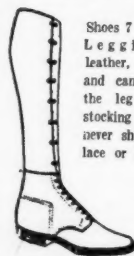
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Hunting In England

(Editor's Note—Col. Clifton Lisle, a life long fox hunter, has hunted principally with Radnor and other Philadelphia packs. He is the author of numerous historical boys' books. Col. Leslie has just completed a long term of duty in Iceland, has recently been sent to England and on his leave, visited A. Henry Higginson. The following account of the hunting with Mr. Higginson was sent to J. Stanley Reeve by Col. Lisle.)

At long last I have had some leave, and glorious it was, for I spent five days with Alex Higginson and actually saw splendid hunting. I cannot tell you the thrill it was to be out with hounds again after all these years. A. H. H. was incredibly kind, putting me up at his charming House, giving me a mount, a lovely Thoroughbred, and making me at home generally.

This being my first leave of any sort since '41, the change and relaxation was all the sweeter. I hacked about one day, hunted on two days, spent one day at the kennels and walked another in that incomparably lovely countryside; all of it sheer delight. Even the weather was kind.

Over here all the houses are unheated, of course, and everyone makes out as best he can. We had a log fire in the library, a rarity here, as you know, and we had most of our meals close by it.

But to the hunting, I rode a nice chestnut, clean bred, called **Borderland** (By **Border Minstrel**). First day hounds met at 11 o'clock nearby. A. H. H. carried the horn. First whipper-in was an old huntsman, but useful; second whipper-in a lad of 17, not yet called up. All three wore scarlet and dark breeches. The whippers-in had 4 buttons on the skirts of their coats, not 2, as with us. Some 18 or 20 made up the field; 8 or 9 of them were farmers in caps. I was much impressed by the type. Everyone in the field made a point of coming up to say a word of welcome.

I was also impressed by the speed with which everything was done. We jogged very quietly to the fixture, were at the meet precisely five minutes, then off to covert equally fast, reaching the first draw in 2 or 3 minutes. It was a smallish wood above a tiny village. Hounds went in briskly and spoke almost at once, but not too convincingly, to my mind, and the impression proved right, for no fox went away, although a line of sorts was there. At home, with fewer chances of a find, we probably would have held hounds to it. Here, with no earths stopped in these lean war days, A. H. moved quickly onto his second draw, a hanging woodland, where one brace were put to ground in short order at the main earths within the covert.

Our third draw was a long and narrow wood. Hounds spoke at once and a brace were viewed within the covert, where hazels and brier made it very blind, except for the rides. The cry was excellent, far more full than I had expected. One couple, Deluge and Spicy, I learned later, carried one fox to the far tip of the covert, where he was viewed as he went away. I cantered up the main ride to the end of the wood in time to see the First Whipper-in, George Travers, stop the lead couple of hounds, while A. H. H. brought on the rest of the pack, who were still pushing the second fox about in covert. The whole thing was quickly

done, as neat a bit of teamwork as one could wish, with perfect coordination and timing between huntsman, whippers-in and the pack itself, horn and hallo and the cry of hounds all playing their parts in proper sequence, which is, I take it, the real science of the chase. The speed and precision of it all amazes me. I must not pass over the lifted cap of a hunting farmer on the skyline which verified the initial view and gave the line. An Italian prisoner of war and a soldier with him also helped in this respect from a vantage point on top of a gate.

It was just 12 o'clock when the united pack poured out of covert, the hunted fox some 6 minutes on, according to A. H. I'd have put it at far less then that, things moved so fast. The run itself was magic to me; exactly 40 minutes over grass and the pace a joy. I never knew such going existed. Once they checked momentarily and A. H. gave them a chance to make their own cast, which they did right-handed on some plough. He then gently cast left-handed so neatly that they drifted to him, without heads coming up; the moment they owned the line they were off again like witches, rare pace and sweet cry, over a main road and on, the grass as tempting as ever and the fox in view a field forward as the pace pressed him. A quick turn, again left-handed, put him in a great field of kale and gained a momentary respite. It was a stirring sight to see the individual hounds leaping high above the kale for a view. I suppose this field saved him 3 minutes; then he broke again for the open, over grass, and raced in view, the pack fairly bursting him as they swept in a final whoo-whoop that rolled him over—a classic thrill in the open at 12:40 to the minute. Thanks to **Borderland**, I was not badly placed.

When they broke the fox—a big dog fox—I was given the mask. You can fancy my thrill—first day's hunting in England. First day's hunting anywhere for eight years, and perhaps strangest of all, we found in a covert called Cole's Hill Wood. Thirty-five years ago I ran my first fox of all from Cole's Hill Wood in the valley at home. How can you explain that? It is as strange as Jonas Cattell at Waynesborough Wood! What a day it was here, I've sent the mask to Spicer to be mounted.

My second day, less thrill, was as good, and a very long one, too. I rode some 12 miles to covert, had a fast run of 2 hours in frightfully deep going, far to the north and over the low, sweet turf of the chalk, where the Britains had built the great earth camps. We galloped over and the Romans had driven the straight road way across the downs. I never saw such beautiful country; the vale spread below on one side and the distant flashes of the sea on the other, while we galloped high on the chalk ridge between them. Once I think we changed foxes, Travers is good, but he lacks the magic touch of A. H. In any case, we lost in a great woodland and wisely called off. In all, I rode, I suppose, over 35 miles that day. Why, after all these years, I was not stiff, I do not know; but I was not. I'll admit, I need a bit of panelling in spots, but time is easing that.

Two glorious days' sport. In spite of almost overpowering difficulties,

A. H.'s hounds are keen, fit and true workers. In appearance, level as you'd wish, especially as he has just begun to have his own breeding tell. I need not add the whole countryside seems to cry in praise of him. That was instantly apparent. I owe him much.

SEDGEFIELD HUNT

High Point, North Carolina. Established 1927. Recognized 1941.



Sedgefield met at the Embassy Club on Saturday, February 10 at 2:30 P. M., and the cast was southwest of the Club. There were eighteen or more riding, and all were delighted to again have with the Hunt Lt.-Commander J. Welch Harris who has been in the South Pacific for a long time, and prior to that was in the Atlantic for many months. For the first time in three years he was riding with the Hunt again although he is one of the oldest members—in terms of membership in the Hunt. In the absence of Joint-Master Phillips, Commander Harris was invited to ride up front with Joint-Master Rochelle.

It was a lovely day to be out of doors, but too warm to offer good hunting possibilities. The hounds ap-

peared to be very conscious of the fact that they had little chance of finding a line they could run, and after two hours of pleasant hacking, the Hunt returned to the stables and after visiting there a little members set out for the Embassy Club where Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coble were entertaining the Hunt at a cocktail party.

Wednesday, February 14, was another June day in February. Scouting conditions were a little better than the previous Saturday, although it took approximately two hours' hunting before hounds picked up a line that appeared to be interesting. With apparently little effort they did straighten this line out, and the pack was in full cry in what

Continued on Page Fifteen

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FLARES

Bay, 1933

Gallant Fox.....	*Sir Galahad III
Flambino.....	Marguerite
	*Wrack
	*Flambette

FLARES was a winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Ormonde Plate, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales' Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Ascot Gold Cup, also placing in other of England's best stakes races.

His first crop produced 12 winners and his second crop, 9 winners. Two-year-old winners from his third crop are now racing. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$42,650 in first monies only. He is the sire of Skytracer, winner 1944 Blue Grass Stakes, beating Broadcloth and others; Chop Chop, winner Endurance Handicap, \$25,000 added Empire City Handicap, placed in Ardsley Handicap, Classic Stakes and Tantee, winner Pimlico Nursery Stakes. Other winners have placed in stakes.

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Bay, 1933

*Sir Galahad III.....	*Teddy
Heloise.....	Plucky Liege
	Friar Rock
	*Affection

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*Princequillo

Bay, 1940

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Editorials

THE TWO-YEAR-OLDS

Racing, like all sports, has its fans agog with controversies which, in the final analysis, defy positive settlement. One heard recently is, "Does early racing have a harmful effect on the future of 2-year-olds?" There are two decided schools of thought on this subject, but, judging by the booklet, "Two-Year-Olds of 1944," issued by the Thoroughbred Racing Associations, it is obvious that the majority of trainers are reluctant to start a promising youngster before May or June.

Of the twenty-five leading juveniles in that book, only two were sent to the races before April, two of the others made their first start in April; eight made their maiden effort in May, eight more in June, three in July, one in August and one in September.

The months of May and June have been prominent in the careers of many horses during their first year of racing. Among the champions to make their debut in May were **Colin, Domino and Hindoo**; in June we find **Count Fleet, Discovery, Exterminator, Gallant Fox, Man o'War, Omaha, Top Flight, Whirlaway** and **Zev** coming out for their first appearance under silks. It would seem that the answer depends to a great extent upon the constitution of the horse himself, for, while the vast majority of the good ones did not make an early debut, there are many to substantiate those who maintain that early racing is not harmful.

Alsab made his first start at Hialeah Park in February, **Equipose** in April. The same month, **War Admiral** came out for the first time in his career. Even these three top-notchers were outdone by the iron horse, **Seabiscuit**, who made his first appearance on the turf on January 19, and who raced eighty-nine times before he sang his swan song at Santa Anita on March 2, 1940.

There can be no definite answer to this question. Even today we hear that the success of **Eclipse**, who was foaled in the year 1764, was due to the fact that he did not make his first appearance on the turf until he was a 5-year-old at the Epsom meeting of 1769. That may be so, but how can any one ignore the testimony given by four of the greatest American horses to race during the past decade?

First Starters

The winning of the Grand National by an unknown and presumably unraced horse in the picture National Velvet may have struck some as implausible but the records show that in 160 years of English Derby history, that famed race has been won no less than 18 times by colts making their first appearance on a race track.

Juveniles

Count Speed, a full brother to Mrs. John D. Hertz' **Count Fleet** is among the current crop of juveniles registered with The Jockey Club. Also among the 5000-odd young Thoroughbreds for which names have been approved is a half-brother to Walter M. Jeffords' undefeated **Pavot** named **Lovat**.

Chronicle To Give Review Of Recent Timber Horses

By George W. Orton

The Chronicle plans to publish from time to time in the near future, photos of some of the great timber horses that have made crosscountry racing history in recent years. Hunt racing fans and hunting men and women in general will be glad to see these illustrations as it will remind them of happier times and bring back memories of exciting and thrilling timber races that they have watched with breathless interest.

The timber race is the event at a hunt meeting that is awaited with the keenest interest and rightly so. In no other class of racing is so much demanded of a horse and also of the rider. In a 3 1-2 mile timber race as it has developed the past twenty years, the horse must have speed, stamina and courage plus. In addition, he must have great and consistent jumping ability and the cleverness necessary for the sharp turns around some of the beacons found on most crosscountry courses. The rider must also have abilities not called for in the ordinary flat race or even in the steeplechase races. First of all, he must be a great judge of pace as that is most necessary in these long races. He must always be a good judge of distance and rate his horse so that he will come up to the fences within the proper distance. This is an in-born knack and without it, the rider had better let the horse alone as generally the horse sees the jump ahead of him and strides along accordingly. The rider must also be in very good condition, for timber racing is a hard test both for horse and man.

Timber racing is the supreme test for a horse as he must have speed, stamina, courage and jumping ability. It takes a very superior horse to be a great timber horse. Glancing over the breeding of the timber horses that will appear in The Chronicle, you will find that almost invariably, these horses have magnificent breeding with the emphasis on those lines that have shown stamina.

Owners Of Broodmares Faced With Important Question Of Breeding

An important question facing breeders on the 881 stud farms of the country and the owners of the 8,700 brood-mares, is what to do this year about breeding these mares. The breeding season lasts only another ninety day or so.

The blood of the Thoroughbred has entered into all of our light breeds as well as into our work stock—a factor of great economic significance—but the perpetuation of the Thoroughbred himself depends upon racing. The race is the only test of the qualities which make a horse desirable in the stud. Thus the Thoroughbred breeding industry depends upon Thoroughbred racing.

Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, had this to say in 1928:

"England has been till now the fountain head of the Thoroughbred horse and has hitherto supplied the world with the best stock. The prominent position of England is, however, threatened by other countries. France and the United States must

be regarded as serious competitors. Thus the horse-breeding industry, which apart from considerations of national prestige is of commercial value to this country, the volume of trade reaching considerable dimensions, requires careful guidance and intelligent support...."

The number of Thoroughbreds exported out of England and Ireland between 1921 and 1936, sixteen years, was 17,771; between 1937 and 1940 there were 3,713 Thoroughbreds exported. Between the outbreak of the war, in September, 1939 to December 1940, the British Bloodstock Agency shipped 553 Thoroughbreds out of England, 195 of which came to the United States.

Many Record Holders In Racing Have Begun Their Breeding Careers

During 1944, racing missed many of the "name" horses, responsible for much of the colorful turf history of the previous five years. What the racing world lost, however, the breeding world gained; it is doubtful if in any period in turf annals so many world and American record holders embarked on their breeding careers. **Fighting Fox, Snark and Challedon** are just three of the world's record holders to establish themselves in stud. Two years ago, **Whirlaway**, the world's champion money winner and a horse credited with the fastest Kentucky Derby on record, was retired and now has one yearling and four foals of 1944 that are being closely watched by admirers of the Calumet Farm's Mr. Longtail.

Just three of the American record holders now making their first season in stud are **Market Wise**, holder of the two mile record of 3.20 4-5 set at Belmont Park on September 1941; **Bolingbroke**, which in the following year at the same track, established a one and one-half mile record of 2.27 3-5 and **Count Fleet** which, as a 2-year-old, ran the fastest mile recorded by a juvenile anywhere in the world, his 1.34 4-5 being just 2-5 of a second behind the American record established by **Equipose**.

This year's retirements do not end there, however, for another prominent "name" horse who went to stud was **Alsab**. It was in the Champagne Stakes, in 1941, that **Alsab** established the record of 1.35 2-5 that was broken in the following year in the same race by **Count Fleet**. Then there is **Occupation**, which, in 1942, became the only horse to win four Futurities.

While one season, such as 1944, may lack numerous "name" horses, it is the retirement of such champions as those named above that reflects the wealth of stallion material the breeding structure of this country is constantly being supplied with. It would not be surprising if, in the years to come, "name" horses appear that were sired by such as **Whirlaway, Count Fleet, Bolingbroke, Alsab, Occupation** and still others who, though they did not reach the heights of these particular stars, completed their careers with records that more than entitle them to a chance at stud duty.

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Irish Horse Notes

By Neil C. Collins

Undoubtedly, the most spectacular and promising young sire in Ireland at the present time is **Windsor Slipper**, a bay horse foaled in 1939, by the deceased **Windsor Lad** out of the renowned **Carpet Slipper**. He was retired to the stud as an unbeaten 3-year-old after winning the Irish Derby, Irish St. Ledger and Irish 2000 Guineas, three of Ireland's classic races. Unfortunately the war cut into his turf history, and deprived him of the chances of showing his heels to the outstanding young English colts of his day.

This great horse met all comers at weights and distances that proved the acid test for speed and stamina, and he beat them all without any great effort. He not only had the cream of Irish Thoroughbreds to beat, but some brilliant visitors also. In the British Isles he is hailed as the **Irish Man o'War**. It is to be hoped that his sons and daughters will live up to the dignity of such an appellation. They should be racing pretty soon, and from all accounts they appear to be very promising youngsters, then perhaps in a few years we can write of **Windsor Slipper** as being the most outstanding Irish Sire of that period. Because his noble sire **Windsor Lad** has passed on to his horse heaven, and **Bahram** and **Mahmoud** are in the U. S. A., **Windsor Slipper** is reckoned as being the best representative of the great **Blandford** line in Ireland at the present time.

His sire, **Windsor Lad**, a son of **Blandford**, was one of the most spectacular performers of his day. A Derby winner, he beat such turf luminaries as **Easton** and **Colombo** at Epsom. Then he went on to win the St. Leger from **Tiberius** and on the following year he brilliantly won the renowned **Eclipse** stakes. He was the leading sire of Irish winners in 1942 with **Mahmoud** and **Knight of the Garter** holding second and third places respectively. His death was lamented by sportsmen throughout the world, and was a great blow to the horse breeding industry generally. Fortunately he has left in **Windsor Slipper** a son who has carried on in the best family tradition.

Windsor Slipper's dam, **Carpet Slipper**, is a daughter of the phenomenal **Phalaris** whose siring record was 403 winners of races valued at over a million and a half dollars. She is one of the most outstanding broodmares of modern times. Her first foal was a good winner, but it was her third foal, **Godiva**, who shared the limelight with her half-brother, **Windsor Slipper**, in making turf history. **Godiva** won three of her first five races as a 2-year-old, and later she won the 1000 guineas by five lengths, and swept on to capture the Oaks, winning by three lengths. She died soon after going to the stud, at the time when **Windsor Slipper** was going into training. **Carpet Slipper** inherits through **Phalaris** the great blood lines of the immortal **Birdcatcher**.

Windsor Slipper undoubtedly inherited the speed and stamina of his father, and time alone will tell in what capacity, as a sire, he possesses the productiveness of his grandsire on his mother's side. His list has been full ever since he was retired to the stud, and numerous requests have come in from the Continent for nominations in 1946. He is owned by the prominent Irish sportsman,

Joseph McGrath, and stands at Brownstown Stud, The Curragh, Kildare, at a fee of \$1,300. In standing at this stud, he reigns, as one of such kingly breeding should, in his hereditary realm. Brownstown is one of the most historic studs of the equestrian world. It was here that **Birdcatcher** and his brother, **Faugh a Ballagh**, were bred by George Knox of Co Mayo, and it was at Brownstown stud that **Gallinule** earned his laurel crown and won fame and fortune for himself and his owner.

The stud is owned by Mr. McGrath who has headed the list of winning owners in Ireland for the past three years in succession. He is the first Irishman in Irish turf history to complete the "hat-trick", as winning the triple-crown of Irish racing is called in sporting phraseology. He is also one of Ireland's most important breeders.

Brownstown is managed by Michael C. Collins, who trains very successfully at nearby Conyngham Lodge. He headed the list of Irish trainers for the year 1941, '42 and '43, and was beaten "a short head" so to speak, in the value of stake money last season. In addition to having **Windsor Slipper** under his care at Brownstown, he also has another great turf luminary in the bay **Nasrullah** of the **Tetrarch** blood lines on the distaff side, and in addition manages **Raffin** stud at Navan, Co Meath where he has the chestnut **Ballyogan** at the stud. **Ballyogan** was foaled in 1939, and is by **Fair Trial** out of **Serial**. His stud fees are \$200, and **Nasrullah** goes to the stud at \$800 a mare. They both have full lists.

The combination of Collins and McGrath has certainly high-lighted the Irish racing scene in the past few years. In addition to his flat racing and breeding interests, Joseph McGrath also has a string of hurdlers and steeplechasers which he keeps in action all winter, and Collins has thirty-two blue bloods in training at Conyngham Lodge, where he numbers Lord Rothermere and Earl Fitz-William among his patrons.

Incidentally, all rates quoted for the above sires are specified in round figures, and are approximated at the rate of four American dollars for the English pound sterling.

At the present time sportsmen in the British Isles and America are keeping a close eye on air travel as an expedient means of promoting considerable trade in horses. If Airlines ever start transferring horses by plane, no doubt but many channels will be opened up. Perhaps the day is not far distant when horses will become as accustomed to air travel as humans. Undoubtedly a great field is opening up in the transfer of valuable racing greyhounds, and probably hunting horses, but whether owners will risk transferring their valuable sires, broodmares and racers from Continent to Continent by air remains to be seen. The war is opening up so many new fields of endeavour that nothing seems left outside the scope of accomplishment. From the viewpoint of buying and selling horses, air travel will certainly expedite matters, and will bring European and American traders much closer to each other, but it remains to be seen whether inter-continental horse racing competition by air becomes an actuality or not.

Camden Show

Continued from Page One

bon winners were all boys. This should be an encouraging omen for the future hunt meets, and certainly appropriate for Camden, which has long been considered one of the major training grounds for the steeplechase colony. It was gratifying to see the children of the Ray Woolfes following in their parents footsteps. Their daughter won the younger children's class and young Raymie placed 2nd to Joe Williams in the open horsemanship.

The combination ride-drive class was won by Mrs. John Daniels' **Aleada**, a trim little bay mare which went consistently well throughout the show, and which also garnered the blue in the hack class which was by far the largest event of the afternoon.

In the shooting pony class, probably unique to this part of the country and won by Mrs. duPont Weir, riding her own **Shorty**, the entrants were required to dismount and throw the reins over their ponies' heads in order to show that their mounts would prove quiet in the field.

Probably, the three most energetic riders of the afternoon were Mrs. Joseph Sheffield, (the former Polly Potter), Molly Rosholt and Tom Waller. Mrs. Sheffield rode a pony for the Charles DuBoses, and **The Gentleman** in the working hunter class for Mrs. Dwight Partridge and conclusively proved that she had lost none of her equestrian capabilities. She and Mr. Waller jumped off twice in the working hunter class and it seemed like old times in Camden to see the latter riding over fences again.

Miss Rosholt won the working hunter class with a brilliant jumping performance on her own mare, and also rode many entries for others throughout the show.

This kind of local horse show involving no transportation problems, is the only type which can be held today, and is certainly to be encouraged as the spirit of friendship and informality which prevails, is a boon to good sportsmanship.

—W. K. W.

Summaries

Combination ride-drive—1. Aleada, Mrs. John Daniels; 2. The General, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Waller; 3. Jigger, Master Graham DuBose.

Shooting ponies—1. Shorty, Mrs. E. duPont Weir; 2. Ellen, Kirby Tupper; 3. Chips, Mrs. Dwight Partridge.

Hack class—1. Aleada, Mrs. John Daniels; 2. Christmas, Mrs. Granger Gaither; 3. Irish Piper, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Waller.

Working hunter class—1. Annette, Molly Rosholt; 2. The Gentleman, Mrs. Dwight Partridge; 3. Nancy Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Waller.

Children's costume class—1. Miss Ruthie Woolfe; 2. Master Buzz Barnett; 3. Miss Helen Baldwin.

Horsemanship—1. Master Joe Wil-

liams; 2. Master Raymie Woolfe; 3. Master Sandy Savage.

Pair class—1. Irish Piper, Nancy Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Waller; 2. Lucifer, Mrs. Raymond G. Woolfe; Easter Morning, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Waller; 3. Red Magic, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. DuBose; Christmas, Mrs. Granger Gaither.

Driving class—1. The General, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Waller; 2. Aleada, Mrs. John Daniels; 3. Jigger, Master Graham DuBose.

Book Review

By Woogie

Besides being a horse lover, I have a special place in my heart reserved for cats. It is not uncommon to find horses and cats listed as favorites, although horses and dogs seem a more suited combination. Perhaps it will not be too out of place to mention here a splendid collection of poems, called "The Cat In Verse"; and compiled by Carolyn Wells and Louella Everett, published by Little, Brown, and Co. Boston, in 1935.

I am not trying to convince anyone that he should love cats, when it is not his nature to do so. I have found after long arguments with stubborn customers that I get nowhere. I often see the other fellows point of view, and this is a great handicap. So! this is for those of you who are especially already (without convincing) fond of our feline friends. You may be interested to know some of the famous people who loved "Puss"; Richelieu, Mark Twain, Pierre Loti, Theophile Gautier are among the many.

157 poems are in the collection and among them the favorite "The Owl and The Pussy Cat", "The Two Cats of Kilkenny", "The Robber Kitten", and the poem immortalized by these lines:—

"So Tiberius might have sat,
had Tiberius been a cat,"



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Alice Learns

Continued from Page Two

"I'd hate drafting as much as you do. Where do we meet tomorrow, Jack?"

"Clarkham Cross," he said, "ten o'clock; and we ought to have a good Field. There's some nice country up around the Calstock Vale. I think we'd better have two horses out. It's the last meet before the Opening Day."

Hounds ended the cubhunting season with a day's sport which would have gone down as a "Red Letter Day" at any time in the regular season. It had rained during the night and early morning, with the result that it was typical English "going"—deeper than the average American likes—but with excellent scenting conditions. Clarkham Cross was a popular meet but even Jack was surprised to see such a large Field out. There were a few over seventy by actual count, to say nothing of grooms and Second Horsemen, and most of them meant going.

Hounds found their first fox at once in the large Clarkham Covert, and he crossed the road toward "Wooden Cabbage" and messed about the fields there, dodging from one patch of gorse to another for half an hour, before he finally got to ground. There was a good show of cubs, but hounds finally got away with an old fox at about 11:00 o'clock; crossed the Chelborough road, near East Chelborough, and running into Delbury Park, took the Field at a good pace into the Big Wood, where they swung through Anstey, and on into Stamer's, which had to be avoided on account of wheat. Some of the Field swung to the right, but the Master and Alice bore left-handed through Dewcombe, coming out onto the road at Clarkham Cross, where they turned right-handed and met hounds as they crossed the road into the Calstock Vale, a half a mile beyond King's Farm. Once on the grass again, they swung left-handed up the valley, through Clarkham Covert, and over the road toward Calstock, nearly catching their fox near the brook, where he was coursed by a couple of cur-dogs. This delayed his death only about five minutes, as he dodged back towards Clarkham Cross and was killed at the end of fifty minutes, quite close to the covert in which he was found.

It was an excellent hunt; hounds worked very well; scent was breast-high; and the going good—as William Smithwick said:—"A brilliant gallop to end the cubhunting season". Fowler had just broken up his fox and was moving off to draw again, when Smithwick's five-year-old, which he was just mounting, frightened by the smell of blood, reared up and struck at his groom with his fore feet. The blow caught him on the shoulder, knocking him to the ground, and the colt promptly ran away through the Field, kicking and bucking in every direction. "I'm sorry," remarked Jack to Alice, "but it serves that damn-fool groom right. He had no business to bring a young horse close to hounds at such a time. Nine horses out of ten will do that sort of thing if they smell blood."

He turned to Will, who had remounted and was ready to move off. "Better draw down the valley towards Swayne's," he said, "and tell the men to hold the next fox up if they can. The Field has had a good hunt and about two-thirds of them

have gone home already. I hope that boy of Mr. Smithwick's was not badly hurt."

"Serve him right for bringin' a young horse near my hounds," muttered Fowler. "He hasn't got no sense, that boy hasn't. Right, Tom, jog on. Let hounds draw as we go."

About halfway down the valley they found another fox, but he was an old 'un and there was no holding him up. He ran toward Clarkham Cross, turning back just short of the road, and making toward West Chelborough, which he passed on the right. Hounds got a good start and were sticking to him like glue, as he ran through Chelborough Park and on for Barcombe Gullies, crossing the Barcombe road, and skirting Peckham's, which he left on his right. On the grass above Peckham's, hounds drove on at the best pace of the day, and as they crossed the lane above Sellers' Farm, Alice looked back and saw that the Field had dwindled to Mr. Davis, the Parson from Coldbrook, Sellers' small boy, and a lady who was unknown to her and whom she had noticed going very well, on a blood horse, in the first hunt. The men and the Field swung out onto the main road, leaving it again above Bleaker's Hill, just in time to see hounds driving on at a great rate in the valley below. By hard riding, Fowler caught up with them as they crossed the end of Marsden's Gullies and drove on toward Crook Hill, crossing the Calstock road about a quarter of a mile short of the Inn at Hayward's Gap. Just to the right, over the road, Fowler caught sight of his very beaten fox, trying to struggle up the steep slope of Crook Hill. He simply could not make it, and in desperation, he recrossed the road and made for the Gullies, with hounds running him on sight, scarce fifteen yards from his brush. "Barber", "Baltimore", and the young bitch, "Charity", were hard at him and rolled him over a minute later, after a terrific burst.

Jack looked at his watch, "Seventy minutes," he said, turning to his wife, "Not a check of any sort and hounds running at top pace all the way; we were damned lucky to be able to stay with them. Who's up, anyway?"

"Parson Davis and that youngest boy of Sellers' and—I don't know who that lady is," she said in an undertone, "I've never seen her before today."

"I don't know either," said Jack. "I noticed her in the first hunt; she went damn well! Good-looker, isn't she? Guess I'll give her the brush. I'm going to give the mask to that little boy of Sellers'."

He took the trophies from the Huntsman and walking over to the youngest Sellers boy, said, "You're some way from home, Peter; but the Parson will be going your way; so you'll have company." He gave him the mask. "Show this to your father," he said, "and tell him, from me, that you went like an old hand, and that he ought to be proud of you."

The boy stammered his thanks and coloured with pleasure, and Meredith turned to where the stranger sat her horse, a little apart from the others. He took off his cap as he approached. "This is the first time I've seen you out with our hounds", he said "I noticed you at the meet, but I didn't have a chance to speak to you at that time. I'm glad we gave you such a good day; perhaps you'd like this to remember it by,"—he handed her the brush.

"Thank you," Master, I'm Mrs. Welland", she said, "I've just taken the Locksley place; I hope to hunt all the season with your hounds."

"I notice that you wear a Master's cap," said Jack. "Are you, by any chance, a Master's wife?"

"No," she answered smiling, "but I was a Master's mistress."

"I see," said Jack. "Well, I hope we shall see you out again soon. Alice," he called, "Come over here a minute. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Welland. She's taken the Locksley place; that's quite near us, you know; and she's going to hunt with us, this season."

The two women shook hands. "That's fine," said Alice Meredith. "I hope we shall see a lot of you—will you waive all formalities and come and dine with us tonight in celebration of this very good hunt. Is there, by any chance, a Mr. Welland?"

"No," said the stranger laughing. "he's a relic of the past. Yes, thank you, Mrs. Meredith. I'll come with pleasure. About eight o'clock, I suppose?"

As they came out onto the road on their very tired horses, Jack found

his car waiting near the Inn, where his groom took over the hunters, while he called to the landlord to bring out beer for the men to cheer them on their way home after the hard day.

"Good night, Fowler," he said, "that was a good hunt—that makes 47 1-2 brace for the cubhunting season, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Sir," said the Huntsman. "That's not bad—we ought to kill somewhere about 75 brace this year with luck, that's close to the record isn't it? Good-night Mrs. Welland, see you later; come on Dear, we'd better get home", this to Alice as they entered their car. "What do you think of the newcomer, Alice? Pretty smart isn't she?"

"Maybe", said the American, "maybe, Smart in more ways than one. Pretty cheap I think. Watch out my lad—she's got her cap set for you. Watch out."

TURNER WILTSHIRE MIDDLEBURG, VIRGINIA

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Virginia

*BAHRAM

Fee \$2,500, No Return
(Book Full)

Br., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Six of *Bahram's first crop of eight foals were winners, including 5 stakes winners. Bura, a stakes winner, was from his second crop winners. His third crop produced eleven winners, including five stakes winners. From his fourth crop came the stakes winners Extravagance and Persion Gulf.

*CHRYSLER II

Fee \$350, With Return

Br., 1931, by *Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandria Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc. *Chrysler II's first American crop raced as 2-year-olds this year and include the winners Ellis and East.

HEAD PLAY

Fee, \$350, With Return

Ch., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of 62 winning sons and daughters of 250 races, including the stakes winner Tola Rose (which set a new track record of 1.56 4/5 in beating Whirlaway, Swing and Sway, etc.). Through September 30, 1944, Head Play sired 38 winners of 86 races and approximately \$84,790.00 including 6 2-year-old winners of 17 races and approximately \$19,460.00.

*HYPERIONION

Fee \$350, With Return

Ch., 1940, by Hyperion—*Penicuik II, by Buchan

Full brother to Pensive, winner of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, etc., and \$167,715 in stakes. *Hyperionion won at 2, also finished second in Saratoga Sales Stakes and third in Grand Union Hotel Stakes. He won at 4 and was unplaced only once at 3. His sire, Hyperion, led the English sire list 1940-41-42 and ranks high again this year. *Hyperionion presents an excellent outcross for mares of American bloodlines.

RAMILLIES

Fee \$350, With Return

B., 1939, by *Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos

Ramillies was a first-class race horse. At 2 he finished second to Devil Diver in the Sanford Stakes and fourth to Some Chance in the Futurity. He possessed both speed and stamina. At 5 he won at all distances up to 1 1/2 miles; finished second to *Princequillo in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3/16 miles, and fourth to First Fiddle in the Massachusetts Handicap.

All mares must be accompanied by a veterinarian's certificate showing freedom from contagious diseases, and all barren and maiden mares showing that they are free from infection and sound for breeding purposes.

Return is for one year providing mare proves barren
Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945

ONE TIME MEADOW BROOK CUP WINNER DEAD

(Photo by Morgan)



The timber horse ranks lost one of its most prominent members last week when William J. Clothier's **Henchman** had to be put down. During his career over timber **Henchman** started 14 times, winning 9. He fell only once, coming a cropper at the Essex Hunt Meet, Far Hills, New Jersey in 1940 in The New Jersey Hunt Hup. He is pictured above in the Meadow Brook Cup in 1941 with Mr. J. Bosley III up.

ON GUARD



C. H. Dimick's Irish hunter, **On Guard** was trained and shown by Frank D. Hawkins of Bedford Village, New York and when Mr. Dimick retired from horse show activity, **On Guard** was presented to Mr. Hawkins. **On Guard** is shown above at the Hunter Trials of the Fairfield and Westchester Hunt Club at Greenwich, Connecticut last autumn when he won both classes for middle and heavyweight hunters and reserve championship.

SCHOOLING SHOWS



The 107th Cavalry Armory, Shaker Heights, Ohio, where the schooling shows are now at the half way mark. The entries this year have been very large and this gives the Juniors a real chance at competition. There are still more shows to come and the champions will not be named until then.

OAKLAND PERFORMER



Sylvia King of Oakland, California purchased **Burma Road** from the Barbara Worth Stables in Sacramento in the early spring last year and finished off the show season with several blues and other ribbons in hunter and jumper classes. **Burma Road** is a registered Thoroughbred by **Bachelor's Gift** and stands better than 17 hands.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Only When Peace Comes Can The Hunting Horn Have Its Former Appeal

The days are lengthening and, despite the heavy going which always follows snow, had times been normal we should have been looking forward to the red letter days of the hunting season. As it is, Masters of Hounds are talking more of the last day of the season than of great runs in prospect. In view of farming interests, the condition of horses, short packs, skeleton Hunt staffs, and the few who can at present ride to hounds, the joyous anticipation of February sport in non-existent.

The thoughts of those at home are more concerned with the men who are Hun-hunting than with fox-hunting, and not until the bugles blow the 'cease fire' of peace can the note of the hunting horn have its quondam thrilling appeal. Nevertheless, long runs there were in February, even though hounds run away from all the horsemen, and have to be collected in darkness. That is just what Masters of hounds want to avoid. Misguided lambs have already made their appearance, ewes are in no condition to be startled, let alone chivvied by hounds, and there is always the dread that a pack out of sight, and out of control, may have a Borstal boy amongst them who tackles a sheep, tastes warm red blood, and that others join him in the fruits of his murder. Once hounds have killed a sheep and tasted mutton, they are never to be depended upon again.

The same may be said of any other breed of dog. If the ringleaders can be discovered so much the better. There is only one certain cure, and that is contained in a cartridge. We have known of a whole pack being taken out in muzzles. We have known of hounds being flogged and "ware sheep!" dinned into their ears until one would imagine the sight, sound and scent of sheep would be hateful to them. We have known an old horned tup (ram) being turned into a loose box with hounds which were thought to be not too safe with sheep. But none of these expedients had the desired effect, and there had ultimately to be a shooting day amongst them.

February is the month when "Reynard would a-wooling go", and when the stillness of the night is often broken by the weird calls of vixens announcing their loneliness, and inviting all the dog foxes within hearing to a party. Her voice must carry a considerable distance. Indeed, it has often been a matter of interested speculation as to how far the vixen's February wail WILL travel. Often foxes which have responded to the invitation, have been found by hounds the following morning, and have made a bee-line for the place from which they came. It may be, frequently is, many miles away; and it is such travelling foxes which run straight and fast during February and make hunting history. We shall see what we shall see during this month of vulpine courtships, of snow-drops, of wet, of lengthening days, of Spring promise and Hitlerian headaches.

Dogs Kill Foxes Single Handed Recently I mentioned here an in-

stance of a shepherd's dog which had cornered, coursed and speedily killed a hunted fox. This has brought me over a dozen letters telling me of farm dogs which have killed foxes. One farmer, who claims that his "cur dog" has killed five foxes this year, adds, "My dog, and others I know, can do more than a whole pack of foxhounds, which can hardly ever catch a fox up in the hills. If they get near enough to one I doubt if any single hound would tackle a fox alone".

My correspondent must remember that there is all the difference in the world between hunting a fox and coursing one in view. To raise a fox, "burst" and kill him in five minutes, is not considered a triumph by fox-hunters, who have, however, had to do many things in these war years which have been distasteful and contrary to principle. It is well-known that for hounds to get away "on the back of a fox" (as it is called) usually spells his speedy doom, but this "chopping" of foxes is not either desired or considered "the thing" under normal conditions, however necessary it may have been in war-time. When a sheep-dog puts up a fox and courses it in full view there is nothing very remarkable about the dog killing it. One of my correspondents tells me that a collie owned by Mr. Joseph Hammell recently killed a fox near the training ground at Middleham, and, from the same part of the world Mr. J. Outhwaite writes:

"Major Parry of Reeth, Swaledale, brought his beagles to hunt foxes in Raydale woods recently. There has been much timber felling there, and owing to the branches left on the ground, it was impossible to drive foxes out. The beagles had never hunted fox before but did very well. Some guns outside the wood shot two foxes. I have a dog that has killed 15 foxes. He is a cross-bred between a cur and a Gordon setter. When he was two years old he would catch and kill a fox in fair running. He has run several lately but they have got away as my dog has lost his speed with age. A few days ago he tackled an otter, which, however, escaped after leaving its teethmark in the dog's nose."

The reference to a pack of beagles being used as beaters on a shooting day has drawn the following letter from Sir Claud Alexander:

"I was one of four pupils at Eaton Hall and when outlying coverts were to be shot for the house we were sent to do it. There was a good kennel of Clumber spaniels (show dogs), and 10 or 11 couple of these would trot up in charge of a young keeper. When we were placed he put them into covert and followed them in the middle of the line. They would arrange themselves about a yard apart, and drive steadily through to the other end. I never saw any of them break out of line, and nothing ever went back. When they arrived at the end they all dropped to hand while the keeper called out one old fellow and came round to each of us to pick up what we had got."

Horse Language

Recently I dealt here with two words ("galloway" and "stag") in frequent use amongst those connected with horses and horse breeding. Now I have come across additional information regarding both these equine terms. In dealing with "errors in sporting terminology" The Sporting Magazine in January 1811, laid it down that "By universal consent

all horses under 12 1-2 hands are ponies; all above that height to 14 hands, are galloways". At what date the "universal consent" was altered I do not know but these standards no longer apply.

As to the word "stag" (possibly more a north country than a general definition), I gave this as a gelding of a year or upwards, and until broken. In his recent most interesting book "A Lifetime with Ponies", Mr. Roy B. Charlton has a definition which I imagine must be more or less local to Northumberland and Westmorland; at any rate it is new to me in its limitations. Speaking of Brough Hill's once famous horse fair he says:

"It was a great sight 50 years ago, and as a matter of fact is still worth seeing. It is one of the very few horse fairs left in the north of England. It is at Brough Hill and at Appleby Fairs where nearly all the small breeders of Fell and Dales ponies take their stags to be sold. A stag is a 3 1-2-year-old pony, that has been bred on the wild fells of the English Lake District."

The other day Mr. Marsden Drury, who, together with Mr. Roy Charlton and Mr. William Patterson, formed the Dales Pony Society, told me that amongst the breeders of these wonderful ponies (in which blacks, greys and brown predominate) the very occasional "mousey" coloured specimens are called "Huckleberry's". These usually show a tendency towards dappling and are not common. The word "Huckleberry" is quite new to me and I cannot find it in any north country glossary. I wonder if any reader has a theory as to its derivation. May it have come from some old-

time breeder or early stallion of that name, associated with ponies of that colour?

Rural Myths

There is an interesting note in the current issue of the Esate Magazine on "Myths of the countryside". The list is not nearly exhausted, indeed, some of the most unfortunate, and most erroneous, but most common ideas regarding beasts and birds are not mentioned. For instance the absurd (and physically impossible) belief that hedgehogs rob milk from cows lying in pastures; that every hawk and owl preys on game; that badgers habitually kill poultry and hibernate through the winter; that misfortune is bound to follow if a certain number of maples cross one's path; that it is lucky to meet

Continued on Page Eleven

Woodland Farm

Red Bank, New Jersey

KNAVE HIGH

Chs., 1934
JACK HIGH—ALICE FOSTER, by *PATAUD
Has had 8 winners out of 11 starters. Among these the stake winners Pique, Royal Flush and the winners Susan's Trick, Exposed Card, Mighty Master, etc.

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COCKED HAT—UPTURN, by UPSET
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All mares to be accompanied by veterinarian's certificate stating they are free from infection. No responsibility accepted for accident or disease.

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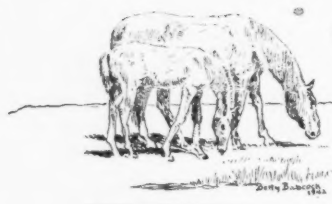
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VIRGINIA

Horsemen's News-



Timber Ranks Lose One Of Best Known Members, Henchman

The timber horse ranks which have not been seen between the flags since 1942, will not have one of its best known members at the post when they line up again. William J. Clothier's **Henchman** had to be put down last week upon the advice of Dr. Price of West Chester, Pennsylvania.

About a month ago **Henchman** contracted a case of Poll Evil and Dr. Price was of the opinion that he would never completely recover. Huntsman Eddie Mooney, (Pickering Hunt), therefore took the old timer from his stall at Valley Hill Farm.

During his racing career, **Henchman** started in 14 races, of which he won 9. According to the best information, he made only two mistakes in his career. He slipped and fell in the hunting field on the flat one day in the mud and fell in the New Jersey Hunt Cup at the Essex Hunt Meet, Far Hills, New Jersey.

As horse lovers who saw him run, well know, he was always out in front regardless of what opposition there was against him. Other front runners such as **Mansfield Park**, **Seafarin' Dan**, **Blockade** and others were quickly run into submission each time they met and **Henchman's** margin of victory over all of them had been so great in most of the races as to be almost unbelievable against horses of this class.

Henchman won his initial outing at the Pickering Hunt Meet in 1939 when he defeated Mrs. Howard Buck's **Espadin**, the winner the year before in the same event. He won the Radnor Hunt Cup, Pennsylvania Hunt Cup, Western Pennsylvania Hunts Cup and Monmouth County Hunt Cup in 1940. In 1941 he won the Pennsylvania Hunt Cup, 43rd running of the Meadow Brook Cup and Western Pennsylvania Hunts Cup. He won his only outing in 1941, the Pennsylvania Hunt Cup.

Henchman did not like the mud and the races he lost were over a muddy course. He was 3rd in the Harston Cup, 2nd in the Meadow Brook Cup and fell over a muddy course at New Jersey in 1940. The Deep Run Hunt Cup in 1941 was another mud event and **Henchman** was 2nd. Also that year he was 3rd in the Monmouth County Hunt Cup.

He was a splendid ladies' hunter and prior to his racing career, as well as subsequent to it, he was hunted by Mrs. Clothier and depended upon by her as her regular mount.

Liberty Franc At Stud

Liberty Franc, 8-year-old Texas-bred son of **Liberty Limited**, has been added to the growing list of Florida sires. He is serving at stud at Hunter Lyon's farm near Miami.

Hoffman Believes Maryland Shows Not Affected By ODT Ban

Hugo R. Hoffmann, president of the Association of Maryland Horse Shows, Inc., has issued the following statement in regard to the effect the recent ban will have on shows in Maryland:

"The member shows of the Association of Maryland Horse Shows of course, will cooperate with any Federal order that will help win the war. However we do not believe that the recent Office of Defense Transportation convention ban order, as it has been extended to cover horse shows, will affect the Maryland horse shows as these shows are what are known as local shows, and are given in local communities and largely attended by exhibitors and spectators in these various communities. They will not require the use of hotels, railroads or transit facilities. In cooperation with the war effort I am certain that most of the exhibitors will hack or ride their horses to the shows and it may be necessary to continue them as in the old days, when members of the community rode from distant points, met at a given destination and showed their horses against their neighbors and friends. Certainly no man power is needed as all the help required at such a show is local and taken care of by the exhibitors and spectators themselves.

"These shows will largely be held on Sundays so as not to attract any spectators that might be necessarily employed in the war effort. Prizes given will be war stamps and bonds. The net proceeds of all these horse shows have been given to needy charities, Red Cross, American Field Ambulance Service, Navy League and Army War Relief. This practice will be continued as heretofore.

"According to a recent announcement published in the Wall Street Journal under date of February 19th it was stated that because of a flood of applications sent to the Office of Defense Transportation, conventions with small out of town attendances would not require a permit. This was defined as meaning that an out of town attendance of fifty persons more or less, in ADDITION to local attendance. Certainly this covers Maryland horse shows as they do not draw out of town attendance.

"The most important thing is that our Maryland horse show season does not start until May and most of the shows are not held until the summer and fall. It is therefore obviously too early to make any prediction on what will happen in the future. If permits to hold our shows will be required, the horse shows will certainly carry out this rule and will, I am certain, qualify under present restrictions."

Bright Prospect

Of the **Bull Lea** juveniles in the Calumet Barn at Hialeah, Trainer Ben Jones has the highest hopes for **Jezros**. By the imported French mare, **Jezrell II**, the colt was purchased by Warren Wright from P. A. B. Widener for \$40,000 at the 1944 Lexington yearling sales.

Two-Year-Olds Of 1945

Admiral Pat, br. c., War Admiral—Sweet Legend, R. Sterling Clark; Aero Jack, br. c., *Jacopo—Martial Air, Warbern Stable; Air Wing, ch. f., Trace Call—By Appointment, C. C. Tanner; Alki, br. c., Bull Lea—Laris, C. C. Tanner; Altair, ch. f., Chance Play—*Penicuk II, Calumet Farm; Amble In, ch. c., Fighting Fox—Gay Crest, C. C. Tanner; Archer, c., Chance Shot—Felicia II, John C. Clark; Attrition, b. g., Maeda—Incolassie, Woolford Farms; Arrow Courier, b. c., *Sir Gallahad III—Ancona, R. Sterling Clark.

Barry M., ch. c., Ariel—Balance Sheet, Max Marmorstein; Bauble, br. f., *Barham—Nouveau Riche, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Best Dress, b. f., Roman—Royal Robes, Louisiana Farms; Blanche Purcell, b. f., Pompey—Mary Victoria, Mrs. C. O. Iselin; Blue Crystal, b. f., Brevity—Crystal Maze, Mimosa Stock Farm; Blue Flag, b. c., *Happy Argo—We, La Favorita Farm; Blue Mill, b. c., Blue Larkspur—Migall, Warbern Stable; Bold Regard, b. c., Petrose—Pushover, C. C. Tanner; Bone, ch. c., Identify—Mother Hubbard, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Bonnie Beryl, ch. f., Fighting Fox—Bonnie Baginn, Belair Stud; Brack, b. c., *Challenger II—Trumps, La Favorita Farm; Break It Up, b. c., Sun Beau—Petrel, C. T. Chenery; Breathing Time, ch. c., *Blenheim II—Countess Time, Circle M Ranch; Broadloom, br. c., Good Goods—Chicotta, Brookmeade Stable; Buddie Bones, br. c., Mr. Bones—Rare Bud, Mimosa Stock Farm.

Cable, br. c. War Admiral—Miss Brief, Mrs. Axel Wichfeld; Cambric, br. c., Good Goods—Katydid, Brookmeade Stable; Cedar Creek, br. c., *Barham—*Green Fee, Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.; Challenge Play, dk. b. c., *Challenger II—Society Column, La Favorita Farm; Chanticleer, b. c., Caruso—Join Us, W. H. LaBoyteaux; Charles Hatton, ch. g., High Strung—Miss Bess, Mrs. A. Sabath; Cherry Pit, b. f., Questionnaire—Cherry Tart, Greentree Stable; Chevalier, b. c., *Blenheim II—Perfect Dear, Greentree Stable; Concise, b. f., Maeda—Equanimity, Woolford Farms; Condiment, ch. c., Eight Thirty—Lazy Susan, Greentree Stable; Count Ace, b. c., Case Ace—Reigning Lass, La Favorita Farm; Count Speed, b. c., Reigh Count—Quickly, Mrs. John D. Hertz, Jr.; Court Jest, c., King Cole—Despondent, Ogden Phipps; Cover Up, ch. c., *Alibhai—Bel Amour 3rd, Louis B. Mayer; Crater Lake, ch. f., Sun Beau—Yentna, C. T. Chenery.

Darjeeling, br. c., *Bahram—Chin Up, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Dark Lantern, b. f., *Sir Gallahad III—Sans Lumiere, Greentree Stable; Deck Call, ch. c., Case Ace—Navy Cruiser, Mrs. A. Shuttlinger; Degage, dk. b. c., Bull Lea—Ministress, Russell A. Firestone; Dishabille, b. f., Discovery—Sweep Out, Mrs. L. M. O'Shea; Don Peppino, ch. c., Ladysman—Grey Shot, La Favorita Farm; Dotie, dk. b. f., Balladier—Adorn, Mrs. W. K. Waller; Dual Purpose, b. c., Wise Counsellor or Deliberator—Bluette, Russell A. Firestone; Durban, ch. c., *Rhodes Scholar—Quivira, Lt. J. M. Roebing.

Eastonian, b. c., *Easton—Smooth Sailing, E. D. Levinson; Edified, b. f., *Jacopo—Predestined, Starmount Stable; Eiffel Tower, b. c., *Beau Pere—La France, Louis B. Mayer; El Mejor, b. c., Johnstown—Donita M, Longchamps Farms; Enchanting, br. f., Bow To Me—Achieve, Woolford Farms; En Famille, b. f., *Beau Pere—Probably Not, Louis B. Mayer; Escarp, ch. c., Caruso—Escarpment, W. H. LaBoyteaux.

Farm Man, b. g., Agrarian—Cele Carney, Louisiana Farm; Fast Mail, b. g., Lawrin—Dancing Spirit, Woolford Farms; Favorito, b. c., Flares—Morning, La Favorita Farm; Fighter Jack, dk. b. c., *Jacopo—Mrs. Punch, Warbern Stable; Fighting Frank, b. c., Fighting Fox—Stony Stare, Mrs. Louise Donovan; Flaming Arrow, b. f., War Admiral—Bridal Colors, C. C. Tanner; Flashing Home, b. c., Flares—Marching Home, Wm. Ziegler, Jr.; For Liberty, b. c., Bull Lea—*Quittance, Calumet Farm; Frank Hunter, ch. c., Grand Slam—Sweet Genevieve, Longchamps Farms.

Gallacha, b. c., Chance Shot—Star Galla, Foxcatcher Farms; Gallivant, b. c., Johnstown—Recussion, Bever-

ley Bogert; Game o' Chance, Omaha—Crackaloo, Wm. Ziegler, Jr.; Geisha, ro. f., Discovery—Miyako, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Git, br. c., *Blenheim II—Galagold, Cedar Farm; Glyndon Mac, b. c., *Bahram—Chin Up, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Golden Legend, dk. b. f., *Mahmoud—Naduska, G. H. Fairhurst; Grand Mere, br. f., *Beau Pere—Brave Bird, Louis B. Mayer; Guignol, st. r. c., *Mahmoud—Seven Veils, Cedar Farm.

Halgas, b. c., Halcyon—Gas Bag, Mrs. Jane P. Kreiger; Hampden, dk. b. c., *Heliopolis—Evening Shadow, Foxcatcher Farms; Hampton Roads, b. g., Annapolis—Lady Noel, Montpelier; Hasty Blue, ch. f., Jack High—Blue Black, Mimosa Stock Farm; Hibernian, b. c., Hard Tack—Mag Mell, Wheatley Stable; High Air, br. g., Ariel—Eschig, F. W. Hooper; Highfortidies, dk. b. f., *Jacopo—Ensigns Up, Wm. Goadby Loew; High Shine, b. c., Bull Lea—Lady Higloss, Calumet Farm; His Son, blk. c., War Admiral—Bitindependent, L. A. Solomon; Honour Student, b. c., *Rhodes Scholar—Merrie Lassie, Wheatley Stable; Hypnotic, ch. f., *Hypnotist 2nd—Valkyr, Belair Stud.

Incitelle, ch. f., Stimulus—Heloise, William Helis; Indio, ch. c., Porter's Mite—Possible Play, W. E. Boeig; In Earnest, br. c., *Blenheim II—Heedless Gal, Calumet Farm; Instanter, b. g., Maeda—Iggy, Woolford Farms; Invention, ch. c., Discovery—Pretty Pet, John C. Clark.

Jack Tangle, b. c., Jack High—Tanglin, Mimosa Stock Farm; Jezros, b. c., Bull Lea—Jezebel II, Calumet Farm; Jolly Soul, br. c., King Cole—Lady Greville, Belair Stud. Karenette, dk. b. f., *Boswell—Babs Russell, Russell A. Firestone. Leonard M. red r. c., Castel Fusano—Negation, Max Marmorstein; Liberation, br. c., Snark—Grand Gala, Wheatley Stable; Light o'France, b. c., Flares—Bonne Etoile, Wm. Ziegler, Jr.; Lion Rampant, br. c., *Blenheim II—War Regalia, W. M. Jeffords; Little Sister, ch. f., Stimulus—My Risk, Longchamps Farms; Logansport, dk. b. c., Sun Beau—Saturday Off, C. T. Chenery; Lord Boswell, br. c., Boswell—Fantine, Maine Chance Farm; Lord Robin, b. c., Reaping Reward—Marciana, C. C. Tanner; Lovat, ch. c., Jamestown—Coquelicot, W. M. Jeffords; Lucky Boy, ch. c., Transmute—Miss Lucky, Longchamps Farms.

Macla, b. f., Snark—Hostility, Wheatley Stable; Mad Vixen, b. f., Fighting Fox—Black Rage, Mill River Stable; Mahout, ch. c., *Mahmoud—Ma Minnie, Mrs. W. M. Jeffords; Manipur, gr. c., *Mahmoud—Invoke, Lt. J. M. Roebing; Maud Lea, b. f., Bull Lea—Chic Maud, Calumet Farm; Medal, br. c., Bull Lea—Delma Dunn, John C. Clark; Merrie King, b. c., King Cole—Iselt, Wheatley Stable; Middle Man, ch. c., Discovery—Pansy, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Midnight Oil, br. c., *Rhodes Scholar—Miss Mouse, Greentree Stable; Misdemeanor, b. c., Snark—Diablesse, Wheatley Stable; Miss Tech, br. f., *Sickle—Risky Gal, Russell Firestone; Miss Greek, ch. f., Neddle—Greek Goddess II, Mimosa Stock Farm; Miss O Gold, ch. c., Jean Valjean—Patsie McKim, Vera S. Bragg; Monstrance b. c., *Bahram—Sunlygret, W. P. Chrysler, Jr.; Mr. Flip, ch. c., *Strolling Player—Gall, Mrs. J. V. Stewart.

Natchez, ch. c., Jamestown—Creole Maid, Mrs. W. M. Jeffords; Newsprint, br. c., Discovery—Spot News, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Next, br. c., *Bahram—Now What, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Night Scholar, blk. c., *Rhodes Scholar—Historical, Jos. R. Steinman.

Oh Boy, br. g., Maeda—Bohemian Lass, Woolford Farms; Our Bully, b. c., Bull Lea—Coffee Cup, Circle M Ranch.

Pathri, b. c., Johnstown—Pomona; Pebble's Habit, b. c., Big Pebble—Old Habit, Circle M Ranch; Peter Palmer, dk. b. c., *Jacopo—Vermouth, Mrs. David J. Lit; Popo Lass, dk. b. f., *Jacopo—Gallant Lady, William Helis; Port Said, ch. c., Hard Tack—Nile Queen, Wheatley Stable; Pot Likker, br. c., Questionnaire—Delicacy, Greentree Stable.

Qona, br. f., Identify—Hindu Queen, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt.

Random Jest, br. c., Chance Play

Continued on Page Eleven

Two-Year-Olds Of 1945
Continued from Page Ten

—Jesting, Wm. Ziegler, Jr.; Red Top, b. f., *Sir Gallahad III—Firetop, Calumet Farm; Rich Mixture, ch. c., *Blenheim II—Risques Reigh, Mrs. J. D. Hertz; Ringoes, ch. g., Case Ace—Sunfeathers, Lt. J. M. Roebeling; Rippey, b. c., Pompey—Broad Ripple, William Helis; Rivers End, b. f., *Challenger II—Businesslike, C. C. Tanner.

Salute, b. c., *Blenheim II—Fourragere, Greentree Stable; Schoolman, ch. c., *Rhodes Scholar—Lenpola, Russell Firestone; Seamans Pal, ch. c., Pairbypair—Warring Nymph, Peter J. Valenti; Shadwell, b. f., Sun Beau—Day Nurse, C. T. Chenery; Sidi-Bel-Abes, b. c., Stimulus—Bay Tree, Boone Hall Stable; Simplon, dk. b. f., *Rhodes Scholar—Helvetia, Wheatley Stable; Singleseater, ch. c., Grim Reaper—Charm School, W. E. Boeving; Skylighter, b. c., Flares—Exhilarate, Walter S. Horne; Slapback, dk. b. f., Snark—Slap, Wheatley Stable; Snowgo, dk. b. c., Tintagel—Flying Snow, Mrs. C. S. Bromley; Soubotal, b. c., Teddy's Comet—Valdina Witch, Boone Hall Stable; Sparky M, b. c., Agrarian—Flyleaf, Max Marmorstein; Speed Easy, ch. c., Supremus—Humming Bird, F. W. Hooper; Stall Walker, br. f., Bimelech—Pansy Walker, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Stark Ravin, br. f., *Bahram—Mad Beth, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Star Image, br. f., *Sickle—Buginara, C. C. Tanner; Stellar Role, b. f., Bimelech—Astralobe, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Stimulated, b. c., Stimulus—Vaporize, Louisiana Farm; Stipulation, b. g., Lawrin—Better Be Good, Woolford Farms; Strike Three, b. c., Discovery—That's That, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Student Prince, dk. b. c., *Rhodes Scholar—Foxcroft 2nd, C. J. Sebastian; Subline, b. f., Lawrin—Mae, Woolford Farms; Suffice, ch. f., Maeda—Mixed Emotions, Woolford Farms; Sugar Lea, b. c., Bull Lea—Sugar Run, Maine Chance Farm; Sunset Bay, b. f., Flares—Hildene, C. T. Chenery; Super Dauber, b. c., Dauber—Superficial, Warbren Stable.

Teddy Junior, b. c., Teddy's Comet—Mint Tea, C. C. Tanner; Thwarted, ch. c., Discovery—Outdone, Lt. A. G. Vanderbilt; Tiny Feet, b. f., Snark—Tetrarchy, Wheatley Stable; Tip Argo, b. c., *Happy Argo—Remorse, Dr. Edward Larkin; Townhouse, br. c., Sun Beau—Florinada, C. T. Chenery; Tripos, dk. b. c., *Rhodes Scholar—Nile Maiden, Wheatley Stable; Triumphal, ch. c., *Blenheim II—Triumph 2nd, F. W. Hooper; Trogan, b. c., *Barham—Polly Egret, W. P. Chrysler, Jr.; Tupelo, b. f., Sun Beau—Jaquette, C. T. Chenery; Twenty-six, ch. c., Chance Play—Lucille Wright, Vera S. Bragg.

Vicar John, b. c., Johnstown—Vicaresse, Belair Stud; Versatility, br. f., Lawrin—Vica Versa, Woolford Farms.

War Zone, ch. c., *Blenheim II—Hornpiper, Montpelier; Weather Map, ch. c., Sun Beau—American Air, C. T. Chenery; Whiffetree, b. c., Johnstown—Aoudala, R. Sterling Clark; Whistling Wind, ch. c., Discovery—Sunset II, R. Sterling Clark; Whitehack, ch. c., Hard Tack—Witchlike, Wheatley Stable.

Yes Now, b. c., Menow—Annabel Lee, F. W. Hooper.

Zestful, br. f., Lawrin—Stitches, Woolford Farms; Zola L, ch. f., War Hero—She Knows, Dr. Edward Larkin.

First American Jockey Club
There has been some controversy over where the first American Jockey Club was founded. Some claim that Charleston's South Carolina Jockey Club, established in 1734 was the first, antedating even the English Jockey Club, but there is good reason to believe that the Williamsburg (Va.) Jockey Club was founded even earlier by Right Rev. James Blair, who also established William and Mary College, in 1693.

Starting Gate
The starting gate, usually considered a modern turf improvement and a product of the last decade, was used in Australia in 1893. The machine, with barriers made of bamboo poles was operated by the release of a weight.

Remount Troop In India

Dear Mr. Bowditch:
I have been reading The Middleburg Chronicle the past few days (copies belonging to your subscriber Sgt. W. Creery, Virginia) and I noticed several articles on horses and mules in the army.

Both sorts of animals are playing an important part in the Burma War. Chinese, British, Indian and American soldiers depend on pack mules and horses for their supplies, and to carry heavy artillery pieces. We in the Remount handle many fine Missouri type pack mules averaging about 1000 pounds in weight and about 15.1 hands in height. The Chinese and British soldiers also are packing many an American raised mule, the British army preferring a smaller lighter mule weighing about 900 pounds and standing around 14 hands.

We also handle a large number of Australian bred horses and the smaller (13 hands) Indian "Tonga" pony. The Australian horses seem to have a bit too much Thoroughbred blood in them for the sort of work called for and the conditions encountered. They are too long and narrow in the back and a bit too leggy for pack animals.

We also have a number of American-bred horses on the quarter or cow horse type to work the stock with around the corrals; and then as you know, in some pack outfits, the mules are led by enlisted men on horse or mule back. The officers too are mounted in such a unit.

In a Remount troop the enlisted men usually ride a G. I. stock saddle while the officers ride a regulation flat saddle.

Enclosed are a number of clippings from a local army paper showing a bit of the sort of work carried out in a Remount Troop; and a picture of Lady Rutherford inspecting a K-9 and a Signal Pigeon Unit. The article were written by Staff Sergeant David C. Wolcott of Springfield, Massachusetts. Lt. Howard E. Mayfield of Estes Park, Colorado, Captain William B. Rand from Connecticut, and Lt. George C. Parsons from New York are also with the Remount in this Theater; also Cpl. Delvin Miller, who drove trotters very successfully for Mr. R. J. Reynolds and who was one of the leading trotting drivers in the U. S. before entering the army.

I omitted to mention the fact that we have an Indian Remount Troop attached to us under the command of a British captain. The Sikhs are efficient workers around the stock and can groom a horse or mule so that he glistens in the sun. They are good troops in spite of the fact that Drew Pearson considers them merely mercenary soldiers.

I hope that some of this information will be of interest to you, The Chronicle, and to those interested in the use of horses and mules and the workings of a Remount outfit.

Sincerely yours,
Charlie Leonard
(Two of the clippings were the following: Editor)

With sounds of reveille ringing in our ears and breakfast fast settling in our stomachs, our work day begins. Branding irons heat on the coals, the smell of burning hair reaches us, and the steady crank of clippers becomes ever increasingly louder, as the wild yells of former cowboys bring back memories of home and the picturesque West. The stirring of the dust, the pounding of

hoofs, as the equines crowd into the chute, make us realize the greatness of their size and strength. The rippling of their well-developed muscles on their sleek-lined shoulders and hips, give us the tell-tale marks of their grace and might.

A singular bray or neigh is answered by the distant whinny of a lonesome horse in an outlying corral. The horseshoer's hammer and scraping of his rasp, the creaking of an escort wagon, as its large wooden wheels rumble over the rough ground, becomes more predominant as the day grows. The snap of the rope and the familiar phrase of "get up there", as the horses are herded into a new corral. The joking and laughing among the troopers, with an occasional remark to an Indian Sikh; the falling of fence post and poles, and the pound of a hammer as the repairs of the corrals take shape; the rustling of hay being handled and the slap of grain bags hitting the ground, as the Forage crew sweat it out; all tend to blend with the waning day.

Then as the quitting whistle sounds, a dramatic change takes place, there appears to be a sudden calm. The animals stirred by the turmoil of the day have sensed that their work is over and stand lieurely crunching their night meal, while some spurred by some inner emotion give spirits of merriment, flinging their heels aloft in ferocious passes at some nearby friend or foe.

Thus the troopers leave the equines with a feeling that some mysterious pall has settled over the corrals, putting these four-legged creatures in a world of their own, into which no human ever had a place. For a moment, our minds picture the time when, not so long ago, a horse could be man's best friend and we recollected the romantic and heroic parts they played in many a life-racking drama.

With a few free hours ahead, the troopers amuse themselves in going to a show, playing cards and other forms of pleasurable. As the hour grows late, sleep comes to those whose toils have earned them this rest. Thus the day ends for a Remount Trooper, who is a member of one of the most unique and romantic outfits of the Armed Service.

AN ARMY HORSE TALKS THINGS OVER WITH A G. I.

Yes, soldier, I was born in Colorado, and like a lot of other horses at the age of four the Army placed me in a class that you would call I-A. As you know I was drafted, just like any G. I. I was sent to a large Remount Depot in Oklahoma, you would call it a training center, they called the place Ft. Reno.

When I arrived the first thing they did was to issue me a new halter and put me in a dusty corral for the night. Early the next morning they ran me through a chute and gave me a "shot". This made me feel a bit sick, but I guess you have had them, soldier, and know what they do to you. After this a sergeant came around and looked me all over and wrote a lot of things down on a card, my color, height, age, etc. This was my service record, just like you have. The next think they did was to brand me with the number Z900, which I was to be known as from then on; this is a system they have similar to your "dog-tags."

After all this they put me in a pasture called the "quarantine area." I stayed there for about twenty-one days and it was pretty nice, for all my time was my own and all I did

was eat and sleep. Incidentally the "chow" was real good. But, soldier, as you know, a set-up like that could not last. I found myself being taken to the "Processing" corral, where I was issued shoes and they rode me to see if I bucked; they even tried to make me and when I did they punished me; this was really rough. From here they took me to a stable and gave me a stall which was to be my home for the next few weeks. I did not realize it then, but this was to be the start of my basic training, as you would call it. Next day I was assigned to a trooper, who at once saddled me up and exercised me in a large pasture a short distance from the stables. From then on all I did was train: I had to drill like the Cavalry horses do, went on long road marches with full field equipment on my saddle, and sometimes the trooper would take me down a wooded trail at a "mad" run and I would have to jump over logs and go down steep slides at a dead run; but this was fun for me even though sometimes I would almost fall. The worse was yet to come; for after several weeks, the day came when they put a harness on me and hitched me to a wagon with an "old army horse"; he laughed at me when I tried to get away for they always got the best of me and I finally had to give in.

However, this did not last long, for my orders came in and I was transferred to this Pack Troop here at Fort Bliss, where I am an "officer's mount." Of course I don't like to be with a lot of mules, but in my job I have a lot of special privileges and they really treat me fine. We are pulling out soon, soldier, and I want you to know that there is no one more anxious to do his part than I. So if you see me in some country overseas, just remember what we horses have gone through and have a kind word for us.

Great Britain Notes
Continued from Page Nine

a piebald horse; that the persistent crowing of cocks announces the coming of visitors; that "a whistling woman and a crowing hen is neither good for God nor men". And so one might go on. The writer mentioned says:

"Even today, in some parts of the country, cuckoos are believed eventually to turn into hawks; the toad—one of the best friends of the farmer and gardener—is alleged to spit fire or poison; the common shrew, another good friend of the man of the land, is supposed to cause a mysterious illness in cattle; the great noctule or horse-shoe bat is charged with sucking the blood of livestock; dragonflies (which have no sting) are said to sting horses; and a raven passing over a house is held to presage trouble for the inhabitants. But perhaps the greatest myth of all is that a heavy crop of wild berries foretells a hard winter. The last two winters were among the mildest in living memory, and in each case the preceding autumn saw a phenomenally heavy berry crop."

Did Anybody Lose A Goat?

The oddest items are turned into the Lost-and-Found offices at race tracks. Doug Geddes, head of admissions at Hialeah Race Course, reports a billy goat was brought to his office last summer at Garden State Park as a "found item."

Fifteen Fillies For Caracas

By E. S. Rockefeller

(Continued from Last Week)

All the old experienced hands (the average age was about twenty-two and most were neophytes like me) held that we would undoubtedly have cold, rough weather till below Hatteras and then it would be calm and peaceful. Their predictions turned out to be as accurate as some of my horse friends. Our first day out, Christmas evening saw our air temperature at 65 and the water at 70. I gave each horse fifteen minutes to a half hour in the paddock, had the hatch opened for fresh air and sunshine and put some bichloride solution on Linda's off hind leg where I found she got scratched on the truck. It didn't amount to anything but just wanted to play safe.

That evening I told the Mate he could have his little Porto Ricans back, but controlled myself by not telling him what he could do with them. He asked me what I was going to do for help and I told him I had made a deal with the Navy. He said, "Oh, no you don't. The seamen get overtime for helping you at the rate of ninety cents an hour and the union can raise hell if two men don't get it." Furthermore, the union can sue the shipper for overtime for the whole crew." "O. K.", sez I, "but you will have to provide help that is help and not fugitives that are likely to get hurt." The Mate got the Union Delegate for the deck hands who agreed to work in the mornings from eight to twelve and another seaman to be on hand from one to five in the afternoon. This was exclusive of the time from ten to ten thirty and from three to three thirty when everyone goes to coffee and from eleven thirty to twelve and four thirty to five when all good seamen go to meals. This was considerable improvement on the original help however and these two boys did a very good job. The U. D. didn't endear himself to me too much at the outset by telling me in great confidence that it was illegal to compensate a member of the U. S. Navy. The Navy boys stayed on however, just for the fun of it, of course, and early mornings and late at night they were most helpful.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth, Linda had a temperature of 104. I gave her a teaspoonful of sulfanilimide in two ounces of mineral oil three times throughout the day. At 7:30 P. M. her temp was a little over 103. Also put her in bandages for about four hours. It's getting pretty warm down in hold and had other end of hatch opened further, but had to close it up in the evening because of squalls. Left the corners open for ventilation. All are chewing fronts and sides of stalls where they can get at them. The weanlings delight in pulling out the excelsior from under the burlap padding which is tacked up with carpet tacks inside the stalls. I removed the tacks which they were likely to get. Some had already vanished and I hoped for the best. Turned out the bay weanlings in paddock for night. The Chief Engineer helped me. The Chief is a big curly haired sailor from Georgia and is nuts about the fillies. He comes down and stands by the hour just to watch them. He and his crew proved to be a big help, as several halters had torn, which they fixed for me, and he fitted a new plunger in the syringe when the handle fell off the faulty threads. I had completely won him over by drawing three cards to fill a straight flush. One of his assistants was dealing, too.

On the morning of the third day, the 27th, Linda's temp was 102 and three fifths. Feeding her only sloppy bran mashes and put her in paddock for a couple hours where air isn't so foul. Started grooming them to-day. Don't have time to groom them well, but brush them vigorously where hair is matted from sweating. The unnamed chestnut filly appears to be in best condition and all except Linda and Mammy's Chile are hale and hearty. The latter has developed a cough and is dopey. Gave her a sloppy mash. Temp 102. Cleaned out all stalls and put in fresh bedding as I do every day. All back and lead out and in stalls with little or no hesitation. The weanlings are the easiest to handle and they welcome being moved to the paddock where they immediately lie down. I cursed my neglect for forgetting a bale hook. Hay and straw bales are piled up at ends of hold and are hard to move out and distribute. Linda's temp 103 and three fifths to-night. Gave her two sulfa doses to-day, morning and noon.

28th—Linda's temp broken, 100 and three fifths at seven A. M. She seems bright and hungry. Kept her on sloppy mash. Mammy's Chile 103 and one fifth. Started her on sulfa. Gave each two ounces of mineral oil except weanlings. Bandaged Linda again for a few hours. Discovered no hypo needles with supplies. Learned I could borrow one from purser if necessary. Borrowed extra bucket from Chief Engineer and swabbed out all nostrils with salt solution. Tread Gently coughs as though she might have a piece of that damn soft wood in her throat. Fond Anxiety sweats a great deal. Nameless also but not so much. Four Wynns, a bay weanling, when lying down in paddock got her hind legs behind upright at gate. I got my two Navy boys to pull her around by the tail while I held her head.

29th—Linda 100 three fifths. Mammy's Chile 102 and four fifths. Gave latter sulfa and another at noon. Another to-night at 11:30 when temp 104. Gave Four Wynns a dose of colic medicine to-night when found her restless and looking at flanks. Brushed, and sponged all noses and tails after leaving each one in paddock for half hour. Corita and Major's Bird only two to kick. Linda and Mammy's Chile did not eat mashes at evening feeding but ate about half their hot mashes which I made them around 11:30 to-night. Took off Linda's bandages around six which I had put on this morning. We are getting more roll from the ship than we have had any day out. They all sweat copiously and is toughest on weanlings. Brushed and gave each two ounces of mineral oil. Divine Snow, Fond Anxiety and Corita don't know whether to be sick or not. Nameless kicks back of stall and is most disagreeable when anyone comes near her. I left chestnut weanlings in paddock until 11 P. M. when sea got too rough. Put all stall boards up.

When I gather the buckets around seven in the mornings to start feeding, Bright Mintaka and White Gal play hobby horse and beat a sharp tattoo with their hind feet on the back boards of their stalls. The boards couldn't stand it and both stall backs are irreparably busted. Both fillies act like they might have been punished about their heads and being fearful of their breaking halters and getting loose, I had one of the seamen run a double strand of heavy rope across the backs of the stalls about the height of the

top of the top board. Nameless and Major's Bird also started this hobby horse business, so I made sure to leave in the back boards of their stalls, as well as Corita's, as she would jerk at odd moments of fear. The others I left open when it wasn't too rough as it improved the stall's ventilation a great deal. Four Wynns insisted on lying down in her tiny stall. The first time I found her thus, her head and neck were outstretched by her halter and the short tie rope in a most uncomfortable position. I lengthened it a bit—just enough that she wouldn't get her leg over it in getting up.

Jority Maid, the pet of the ship, because of her sweet docility, broke her halter and lay down in her stall with ease. I left her untied while the sea was calm and she reclined and stood up as she pleased. I alternated the three bay and three chestnut weanlings in the paddock each night, except for two nights in the supposedly calm Carribean, when it was too rough.

30th—Still rough. Left all in stalls to-day where I sponged noses and tails. Air is very dirty from handling hay and straw. Poor circulation. Four Wynns O. K. Linda and Mammy's Chile both under 101. Gave all two ounces mineral oil.

Washed my work clothes to-day. The shower (and laundry) of the starboard side is directly across the passageway from my room, and the steam, fresh, and salt water valves look like a Rube Goldberg cartoon. Steam is one's hot water and one takes a shower and washes ones clothes at one and the same time. I put my blue jeans, overalls, and a cake of fels naphtha soap in a pail of water and turned on the steam pipe in it. This is definitely poor practice in the method of washing clothes by hand as tiny gobs of soap permeate the material inside and out. Moreover, some little time is needed to regulate an agreeable shower in blending steam and cold water but there is great satisfaction in its final attainment, even though some parts of the anatomy are frozen and others parboiled.

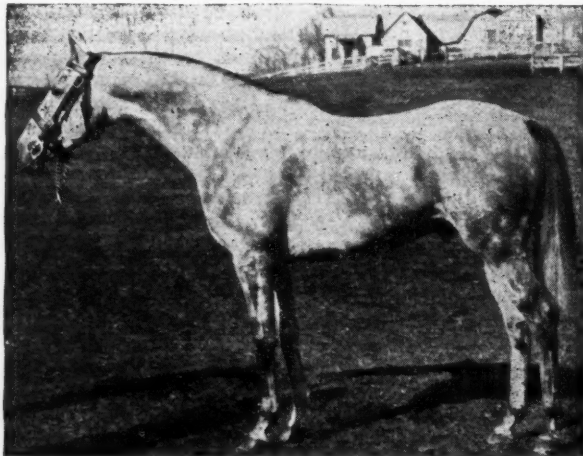
Jan. 1, 1945—Fillies are getting fidgety right along. Went through daily procedure with noses and mineral oil. Nameless broke headstall of halter and had seaman splice in rope as I used my only extra one on Corita. Got a dozen new shipping tags from Steward to replace the ones torn off. Before leaving Maryland, Mrs. Williams and I had tied a tag on each filly's halter giving her name, age and breeding, to help the new owners to identify them. By this time there were only three fillies who still had their tags. Have been giving them half a handful of salt with each feed. And a good thing too as all are sweating profusely. Linda and M. C. dopey but eating feed. Have used up one gallon of mineral oil and about a pint of second gallon. Have three bales of straw left, but have been using my sweepings from under bags for bedding.

Jan. 2nd—Same routine of mineral oil and sponging noses and tails. Put tags on halters. Got a tremendous kick out of pulling into LaGuaira harbor to-night. The mountains three and four thousand feet high come right down into the Carribean. LaGuaira is a little town two or three miles long and a couple of streets wide with a deck big enough for two ships to unload. It is noted among the sailors for its many bars and the extent of

Continued on Page Nineteen

Standing at Meander Farm 1945 SEASON

THELLUSSON



Gallant Fox.....	*Sir Gallahad III.....	*Teddy Plucky Liege
THELLUSSON.....	Marguerite.....	*Celt
Roan, 1936	*Tetra Lass.....	*Fairy Ray
	Tetratema.....	The Tetrarch
	White Folly.....	Scotch Gift
		Swynford
		White Lie

THELLUSSON'S first crop were 2-year-olds of 1944. The only one to start is NEAT AND TIDY, winner of 4 races and twice 2nd in 10 outings through October.

THELLUSSON started 24 times, winning 4 and twice 2nd.

His sire, GALLANT FOX was out of the money only once in 17 outings at 2 and 3 years old. He won 11 races and \$323,165, including the Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Preakness, etc. GALLANT FOX has been 4th on the list of American sires in two seasons.

PRIVATE CONTRACT

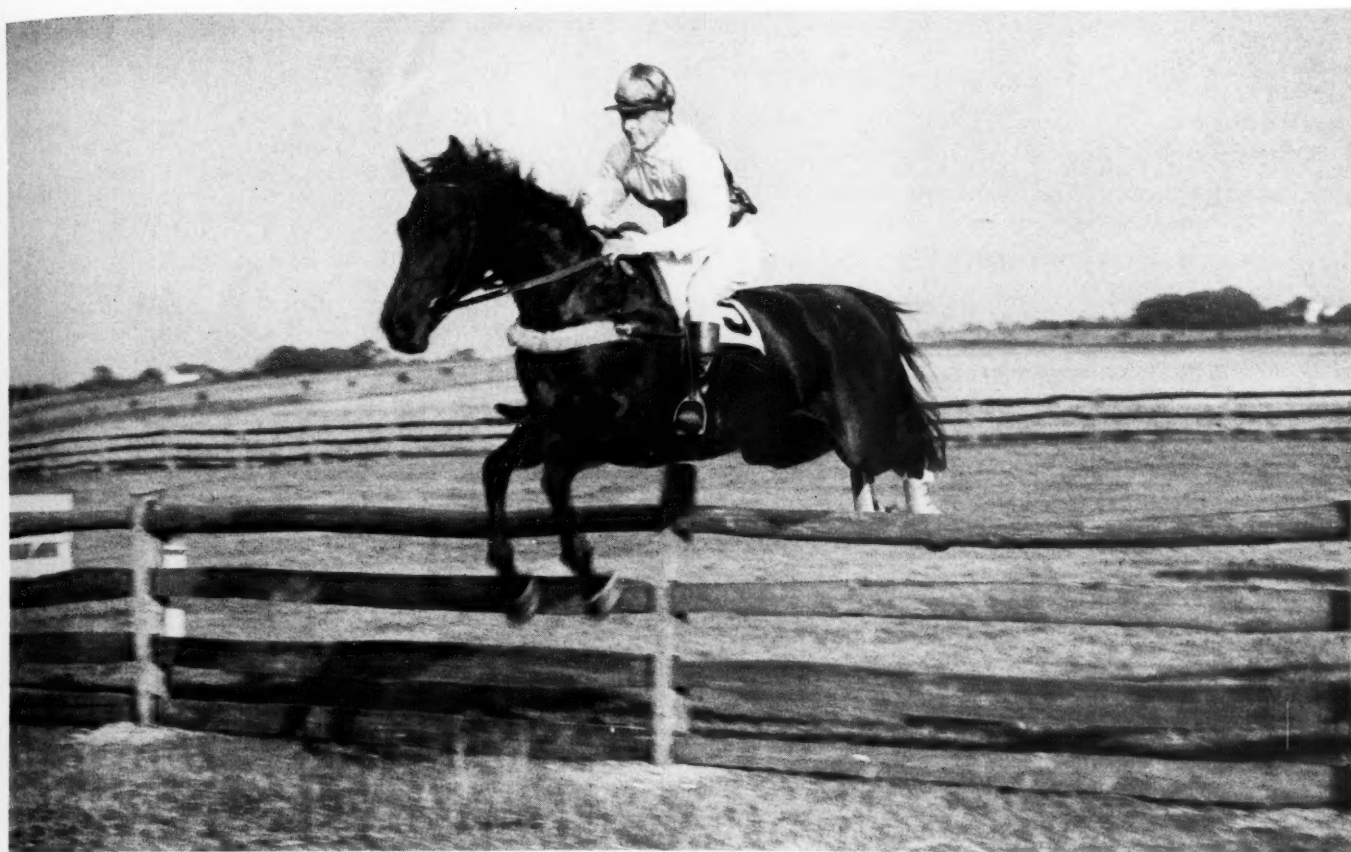
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TIMBER HORSES OF RECENT YEARS

(Photos by Morgan)

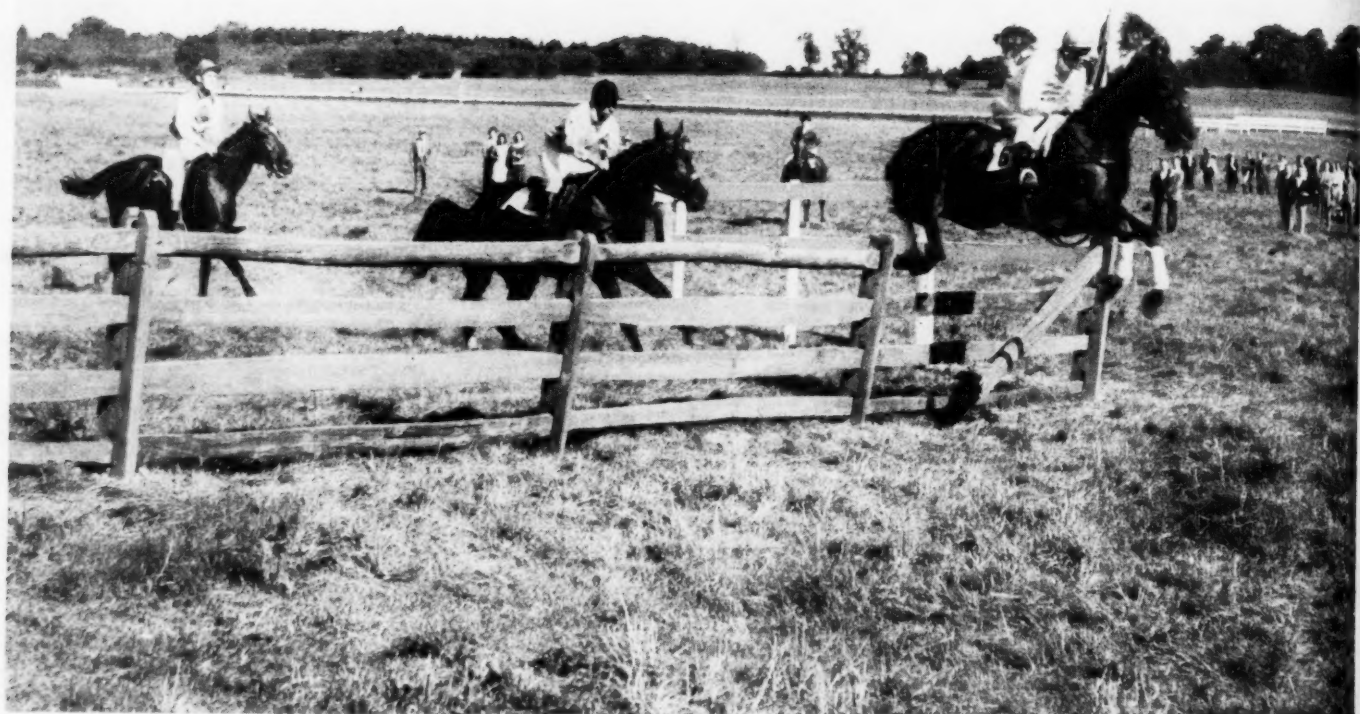


Bungtown, b. g., 1934, by ***Coq Gaulois**—**Mary G.**, by **Golden Maxim**. Owner, John Strawbridge. Among the races **Bungtown** won were the Harston Cup at White Marsh and the Pickering Hunt Cup in 1940. A very good timber horse, one of his best races was at the Pickering meeting when he won from **Coq Noir**. Above with Mr. George Strawbridge up, **Bungtown** jumps in winning form to capture the Huntingdon Valley Challenge Cup at races in Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania.



Arapal, ch. m., 1931, by **Macaw**—***Palestra**, by ***Prince Palatine**. Owner Thomas McKelvey. J. G. Leiper, Jr.'s **Collamber** (No. 2) leads **Arapal**, (No. 6), the winner, in the Bayard Taylor Plate at Rose Tree in 1941. **Arapal** was a very good jumper and was placed in quite a few races in which first class timber horses ran.

TIMBER HORSES OF RECENT YEARS



When they ran in the White Marsh Valley Cup Steeplechase and Mrs. E. duPont Weir's ***The Dook 2nd.** with Mr. S. Watters up won. Following ***The Dook 2nd** was Arthur Meigs' **Miltiades**, with Mr. E. Bennett up and then Mr. J. Colwill up on C. E. Tuttle's **Quo Warranto**. (Photo by Freudy).



Over the timber at Radnor Race Meeting, held at Chesterbrook Farms, Berwyn, Pennsylvania. H. Owen's **Ante**, (No. 3, Mr. M. H. Dixon, Jr.), was 2nd to Mr. Colwill and **Quo Warranto**, while Truman M. Dodson's **Big Pennant**, Mr. S. Watters up, was 3rd. (Photo by Carl Klein).

FRIDAY

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Sedgefield

Continued from Page Three

seemed like seconds. This fox, however, was no sport, and after approximately twenty-five minutes of dead running, he took to a culvert into which the hounds could not enter. It was really about the right length run for such a warm day.

It began raining by the evening of Friday, February 16, and rained fairly steadily all night long and was still raining Saturday morning. The meet on Saturday was scheduled at two P. M. and by 11:30 A. M. it was apparent that hunting was out of the question, as it was still steadily raining and the fields were almost solid sheets of water. Accordingly, the scheduled hunt was called off, but still—there was a saving grace. Sedgefield Hunt members still had something to look forward to because former acting Master, Meredith Slane, and her husband, Willis, were entertaining the hunt at 5:30 in their beautiful home at High Point.

—T. V. R.

Saturday, March 3—Sedgefield Inn (Note Change Of Time) 10:00 A. M.

Wednesday, March 7—Sedgefield Stables 3:30 P. M.

Saturday, March 10—Boren's Pasture (West Gate) 10:00 A. M.

Wednesday, March 14—Sedgefield Stables 3:30 P. M.

Saturday, March 17—Sedgefield Stables 2:00 P. M. Followed by cocktail party given by Joint-Master and Mrs. Earl N. Phillips, at their home, "Brightwell" for entire membership 5:30 P. M.

M. STEWART'S CHESHIRE FOXHOUNDS

Unionville,
Chester County,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1914.



These hounds, like all other packs in Chester County, Pennsylvania and vicinity, have been in kennels for weeks past, due to the unprecedented cold spell, which has prevailed since the middle of December. In fact hounds were only able to hunt three days in January—4th, 6th and 13th. It was therefore welcome news, which came on the morning of February 12th (Lincoln's Birthday) that hounds would meet at the Kennels at noon.

At that hour snow was melting rapidly and the air was mild. The mixed pack of 19 1-2 couple was on hand to meet a small field, and after drawing Upland Woods were "put in" at "The Honeysuckles".

As far as I can remember this covert has not held this year, but today this hill covert, covered as it is with thick underbrush and honey-

suckle, had been selected by a good fox to be his habitat.

He was "away" at once on the west side, and hounds got a good start. However, just before entering "Saw Mill Wood" they overran the line, which caused a few minutes delay. That good hound Glancer, 1943 by Gunner out of Old Berkshire Amy, soon had them straightened out, as he did repeatedly during the good hunt which followed, and away they went through the Eli Logan Farm running east.

Apparently scent was not of the best, and it was necessary for hounds to hunt persistently and slowly—very suitable for the going, as snow along fences was not as yet melted, making jumping treacherous. On they went through Chesterland Swamp and Upland Wood, where he broke covert and crossed the road leading from Unionville to Clonmell. Then entering Webbs Wood they ran east, where another fox jumped up in view of the field, but they stuck to the line of the hunted fox and crossed the farm of Mr. Andrew Harris.

At this juncture the pace became faster, and they slipped along very quickly over the big field on the Hayes Farm, crossed the Doe Run Road, through Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe Cheston's farm to Cox Wood, where he was marked to ground after a delightful 50 minutes.

Hounds hunted exceptionally well, and not only Glasgow '43, but Wisdom '40 was most conspicuous by her good work.

Hounds were then trotted several miles back to Woodburn's Clearing and Meigs', but as they failed to find, we left home, reaching the kennels at 4:30 P. M.

Another good slow day was thoroughly enjoyed on Thursday, February 15th, when a fox was found in Webb's Wood, and after being hunted in the surrounding vicinity for over an hour, was marked to ground in the same covert.

In the afternoon of the same day a brace of foxes were viewed away from the London Grove Swamp, but scent was so bad that hounds could just walk after their fox.

However these two pleasant days, after the long spell of bad weather, was just enough to stimulate the longing for more hunting, so that after the springlike weather of yesterday, which took away the last vestige of snow, it was a bitter disappointment to be confronted this morning (Saturday, February 17th) with five inches of snow covering the country.—Sandon.

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Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page One

for business, a small army of horses that ordinarily would have gone into action were already on the sidelines, for reconditioning, etc. Which pared down the fields in many big events, from "classics" on and on, to disappointing dimensions.

A tired Thoroughbred, that has been raced all winter after having previously been raced all spring, summer and fall, no longer can produce that shining morning speed which broke records at Hialeah, Santa Anita, etc. And the dead-set to "make him do it" seldom if ever pays dividends. That is, not substantial ones.

From the numerous epistles from the winter letter-writers that keep dropping onto my desk, I quote these choice sentiments, which have inspired the observations above-made:

"While everybody is raving and howling about the shut-down or racing, from my standpoint a lot worse things might have happened.

"You know the old saw about never being any great loss without some small gain.... Well that fits the present situation to a T. Let me tell you why.

"There's about 3,000 to 5,000 race horses that, if they only could talk, would be holding mass meetings and sending committees to a man named Byrnes to thank him for what he has done.... I refer to those that were to have been raced at the big winter meetings at the southern and California tracks.

"They've been made a present of a nice long rest instead of the unremitting grind that they had expected—and oh, boy, but they must be happy.

"Perhaps some of them are not finding much in the feed-box when they nose around there—but then if they were going to the post regularly, as usual, they wouldn't have much appetite either. Ask anybody that has tried to get one to clean up its rations after a tough race.... So there's little to complain of that way, to my notion.

"And just think of the hot feet, the sore shins, the bowed tendons, the wrenched shoulders, the sprained stifles, the rapped ankles and the capped hocks that they haven't accumulated to carry along with 'em till go to the cannery.... Of course it's hard on the vets; and there's the boys that scout around for incurables to protect and be benevolent to.... But they can always go into war work, you know—and a lot of 'em be more use there, as I see it.

"Just think this over and see if I'm not right."

My correspondent has my thanks for his cheerful views. They sound a hopeful note amid the dirges that go up from the walling-walls.

They also do credit to his humanitarian principles. For, come to think of it, if a Thoroughbred must go hungry, he will do so much more affably if he is not nursing an assortment of shattered extremities at the same time.

The gossip columns of the turf press and the sports pages of the big dailies are no longer purveying the standard items that:

"Bully Boy pulled up lame after the sixth race yesterday. He has a wrenched pastern.

"Trainer Bill Casey reports that Nelly Bly was jumped on leaving the gate in the third event Monday and will be on the shelf for several weeks in consequence.

Barbara Worth Shows

Continued from Page One

There were literally two championships of the day. In the under 14 group, Patty Lassen, riding her handsome gray 4-year-old, **King Jude**, had little trouble taking the firsts in both equitation and hands and seat jumping. She placed this clever little colt 2nd in open jumping.

In the 14-18 division, Jean Stout, in spite of the fact that she has not been riding during her two semesters at Stanford, easily accounted for the blues in both horsemanship classes with **Marksman**, while she rode **Hut Sut** to 1st in open jumping. Both of these girls have been known for several years past in the equitation field, having a number of championships to their credit.

First class of the day was hands and seat jumping for under 14, and an amazingly fine class it was. Jo-Ann Repose was a very good 2nd, with young Nina Warren, a youngster who is progressing very fast, 3rd. Nancy Teichert was 4th, and Jed Boscoe 5th.

Hands and seat jumping 14-18 saw Eva Gene Dauger in 2nd place, Pat Klein 3rd, Martha Mekeel 4th, and Nancy Diggs 5th.

Adult hands and seat jumping produced one of the best rides we have even seen. It would be very hard to describe the delightful relaxation as utter joyousness of Hazel Binder as she rode snow-white **Billy Sunday** to an unquestioned and thoroughly enjoyable 1st. Jane Lovett was 2nd, Mickey McLaughlin 3rd, Eva Taverna 4th, and our own Bert Brown, amid cheers and applause, 5th.

Novice equitation, for riders who have never won a ribbon in equitation classes, was won by Adrianna Hale, riding her very difficult **Sabik**. Adrianna has won lots of blues in jumping classes, and is one of our best riders among the children, but for some reason has heretofore been overlooked in the straight equitation classes, so we were all more than glad to see her finally receive her recognition in this event. Diane Thys was 2nd, Nancy Teichert 3rd, Jed Boscoe 4th, and Betty Lombardi 5th.

Jo-Ann Repose was 2nd to Patty Lassen in under 14 equitation, with Nina Warren 3rd, Jerry Boscoe 4th, and Barbara Mull 5th.

Second to Jean Stout in 14-18 equitation was Eva Gene Dauger, with Martha Mekeel 3rd, Nancy Diggs 4th, and Betty-Jean Lassen 5th.

"Well-a-Day will be an absentee from the line-up for the Sapling Stakes this afternoon. He cooled out quite sore after his final work for it yesterday.

"Dinna Care has a badly-filled ankle. Supposedly the gelding rapped himself in his brilliant work Tuesday morning when he was clocked five furlongs in :59 1-5.

"Gallant Gal is to be retired and bred. She was unable to finish in the Whoop-La Handicap, and had to be removed from the track in the ambulance, having broken down completely. It appears that she had been favoring one leg for some time but Trainer Davy Dienststein thought there might be one more good race in her, as she is a real game filly."

It seems needless to prolong the citations. Normally so familiar to all fans, they are no longer a part of the morning rubric.... And so indeed, "There's no great loss without some small gain."

Adult equitation, another very fine class was won by Jane Lovett, with Hazel Binder 2nd, Eva Taverna 3rd, Ann McCoy 4th, and Pat Lennon, 5th.

The big moment of the afternoon, from the spectator's standpoint, was the open jumping class. Before the class, the horses were paraded, and auctioned off to the audience in a form of Calcutta pool, so that audience as well as riders had a stake in the outcome. After the horses had all taken the very tricky eight-fence course, with faults scored as usual, they were asked to take it again, with faults accumulative for the two goes. That was when it got really exciting, for many of the horses which had been clean the first go cut down their leads when the jumps were raised for the second, and other horses, with less good scores the first time, were able to improve their positions the second time. The audience got more and more excited and noisy as the class progressed, cheering for their choices, and even offering advice to their particular riders. As has been mentioned, Jean Stout finally rode **Hut Sut** to the blue, with Patty Lassen's **King Jude** only one point behind for 2nd. Third, 4th and 5th were all tied up between five horses, and the jump-offs got really rugged as excitement mounted. It finally simmered down to Jo-Ann Repose and **Our Gus**, Jerry Boscoe and **Bivouac**, and Adrianna Hale and **Sabik**, none of whom could seem to break the deadlock, and came in again and again. At last **Our Gus** managed to clean go to take 3rd, but **Bivouac** and **Sabik** still had one more jump-off before Jerry's diminutive 10-year-old legs booted **Bivouac** in one point ahead of **Sabik**. The show ended on this very gay and laughing note, with even LeRoy Miller forgetting his judge's dignity in the general enthusiasm.

Next on the list for Barbara's is the 3rd of the series of Hunter Trials, which is scheduled for March 11, weather permitting.

Schooling Shows

Continued From Page One

Zettelmeyer. Second and 3rd prizes went to Irene Harkins' on **Alfred Kaviller** and Marilyn Zimmer, on **Morley O**. The blue in the younger division was awarded **Don Juan** with Jim Easley up. The red was pinned on **Sweeper**, ridden by Nancy Ruedeman, and the 3rd was won by **Circle Surprise**, ridden by Joan McIntosh.

The next class on the program was horsemanship for riders fifteen years and older. The privately owned division was won in this order: Shirley O'Brien, Dick Beargie, and Nance Taylor. The winners on school-owned horses were Betty Biele 1st, Bob Gump 2nd, and Carol McKibbin 3rd.

This show continued with a working hunter class open to all with the exception of the horse which had won the first in working hunter classes earlier this season. Manners, hunting pace, and way of going counted. This division, with jumps placed at 3'-6" was won by **Fair Isabelle** with Margot Harris up. Second place went to a young bay, **April Fool**, owned and ridden by Sally Stuart. Marilyn Zimmer rode the gelding, **Morley O**, to 3rd ribbon. For the younger division Jim Easley rode two winners. **Don Juan** placed 1st, and **Jumbo** took 3rd. John Forker had the red ribbon placed on the bridle of **Hard Times**.

A pair class, horsemanship 50 %

Boulder Brook

Continued from Page One

busy doing an excellent job of judging throughout the afternoon.

Trophies will be awarded to the children having the greatest number of points collected through this series of shows.

Summaries

Horsemanship, beginners—1. Florence Fremd; 2. William Coats; 3. Edmond O'Driscoll; 4. Catherine Carlson; 5. Cynthia Knock; 6. Jack Silliman.

Bridle path hacks, open—1. Warrior, Mimi deBaubigny; 2. Better Marked, Anne Morningstar; 3. Doswell, Vivienne Mitchell; 4. Brandywine, General Frank Schwengel.

Working hunters—1. Better Marked, Anne Morningstar; 2. Doswell, Vivienne Mitchell; 3. Matalong, Kent George Homewood; 4. Secret Lady, Elizabeth Ham.

Horsemanship up to 19 years, over jumps—1. Anne Morningstar; 2. Peter Packard; 3. Vivienne Mitchell; 4. Barbara Pease; 5. Jane Seymour. Lead line class—1. George Austin, III; 2. Cynthia Van Law; 3. Russell Manney; 4. Margaret Ann Wright; 5. Lee Kreeger.

Horsemanship intermediate—1. Lois Esselborn; 2. Mary Wilson; 3. Katherine Laseter; 4. Bette Ann Cook; 5. Martha Isdale; 6. Billy Smeltzer.

Trotting contest, break and out—1. Secret Lady, Elizabeth Ham; 2. Easter Parade, W. K. Denton; 3. Pedro, S. Spencer Scott; 4. Dorothy M., Mrs. Frank Packard.

Adult horsemanship—1. Mimi deBaubigny; 2. Mrs. E. Granville-Smith; 3. George Austin; 4. Elizabeth Ham.

Hunter hacks—1. Warrior, Mimi deBaubigny; 2. Matalong, Kent George Homewood; 3. Doswell, Vivienne Mitchell; 4. Secret Lady, Elizabeth Ham.

Horsemanship, advanced—1. Bonnie Kincaid; 2. June Hellman; 3. Lesley Harper; 4. Patricia Rowe; 5. Judy Simpson; 6. Susan Hartzell.

Open hunters—1. Matalong, Kent George Homewood; 2. Dorothy M., Mrs. Frank Packard; 3. Secret Lady, Elizabeth Ham; 4. Victory Lad, C. H. Birch.

Adult horsemanship over jumps—1. Mrs. E. Granville-Smith; 2. Mimi deBaubigny; 3. George Austin; 4. Mrs. F. C. Irons.

Handy hunters and jumpers—1. London Smoke, Mrs. Walter Keane; 2. Pepper, General Frank Schwengel; 3. Mickey Rooney, Anne Morningstar; 4. Vendonah, Jane Seymour.

Horsemanship, up to 19 years—1. Anne Morningstar; 2. Vivienne Mitchell; 3. Peter Packard.

Pair jumpers—1. Dorothy M., Mrs. Frank Packard; Victory Lad, C. H. Birch; 2. Secret Lady, Elizabeth Ham; London Smoke, Mrs. Walter Keane; 3. Kittiwisk, The Cove, C. T. Chenery; 4. Pepper, General Frank Schwengel; Mickey Rooney, Anne Morningstar.

and performance as pair 50 %, was next on the program. This was for juniors 13 years and over. The privately owned group was won by **Eagle Trail** and **Marcelleno**, ridden by Kate Ireland and Joan Callaghan respectively. Shirley O'Brien on **Pan Imp** and Jane Zettelmeyer on **Dixie Way**, won the red ribbons. Third prize was awarded Molly McIntosh on **Ballsbridge** and Bob Motch on **Don Juan**. The school owned group was won in this order: Betty Biele and Casey Wenneman 1st; Jenny Cory and Louise Boyd 2nd; Betty Black and Carol Comey 3rd.

The last class was the usual open jump. The blue ribbon in the 3'-0" division was pinned on Jim Easley and 2nd went to Patricia Forker on **Model Boy**. Dorothy Donaldson won 3rd. **Pan Imp** with Shirley O'Brien up won the older division. Second place went to a Zettelmeyer horse, **Dixie Way**, ridden by daughter Jane. **Alfred Kaviller** with Irene Harkins up won 3rd.

Mr. John Tollon came from Erie, Pennsylvania to judge. The ribbons were pinned by Mrs. David Johnson.

Chronic Anhidrosis With Lowered Blood Chlorides In Race Horses

By Richard T. Gilyard

Major, Veterinary Corps, Army of the United States Reported In The Cornell Veterinarian, Oct. 1944.

Anhidrosis, an inability to sweat frequently develops in Thoroughbreds imported to Trinidad, British West Indies for flat racing. It is rarely seen among the native foaled Thoroughbreds or cross-bred horses. During the last twenty years it is estimated that approximately 15 per cent of the young runners imported from England and Ireland have developed the condition.

The onset of anhidrosis is gradual and is not associated with acute heat exhaustion. The abundance of sweat as well as the sweating areas of the body gradually diminish until the hair coat remains dry, and there is no skin moisture, regardless of exertion, direct sun exposure, or humidity. The condition is then chronic and the animal fails physically. The hair becomes dull, and sparse. The membranes are pale, and under exertion there is no normal distention of superficial vessels. The pulse lacks fullness. The appetite for food and water is poor, and there is a shrunken, hide bound, appearance.

Life expectancy is not favorable in completely established non-sweating horses. This impression is largely based on recollections of a number of sudden deaths which have occurred when victims of the condition were continued in racing.

Most cases have a history of developing anhidrosis within a year of their arrival in the tropics. A review of the available veterinary literature has not afforded direct information on the subject. It has been observed in the Philippines (personal communication with army veterinary officers). I saw a case in Puerto Rico at the same time that the condition was studied in Trinidad. The subject was a bay, Thoroughbred mare, four years old and was an importation from the United States the preceding year. At the finish of a 1000 meter race, in tropical heat, her skin and hair coat were completely dry, even under leather, and between the hind legs. She likewise had the shrunken appearance of the Trinidad cases.

A study of two imported mares at Trinidad whose racing careers had terminated in premature retirement for non-sweating revealed that their ability to sweat returned after being pastured and fed a supplemental grain ration.

Their spontaneous resumption of sweating after let down, and diet change, suggested that the form of anhidrosis which they suffered from might be the result of a basic metabolic disturbance provoked in some horses by a nutritional inadequacy when racing in the tropics.

A case was examined in racing condition.

A bay mare, age six years, had been imported as a two year old, and was reputed to be a profound non-sweater for two years. On the morning of 21 April 1944 she was worked six furlongs for examination. She salivated freely, but there was no skin moisture, even under leather. Her general appearance was poor. She was thin, with a dull hair coat, and inelastic skin. Her membranes were pale, and her pulse lacked normal tone. Her superficial

vessels did not noticeably dilate under exertion. This mare was entirely stall fed, on a diet of oats, bran, soy bean meal, and molasses, with dried Para grass as long fodder. There was a salt lick in her stall.

On 25 April 1944 blood determinations revealed: abnormally low blood chlorides, estimated as sodium chloride. The normal horse blood chlorides level is considered 420-480 mg. per 100 cc. and the quantity determined in this mare, at a time when she was unable to sweat, was only 248 mg.

Three normally sweating horses were then selected for blood chloride comparison, and were read at:

No. 1. 462.5 mg. per 100 cc.

No. 2. 462.5 mg. per 100 cc.

No. 3. 445.5 mg. per 100 cc.

On 26 April 1944 a therapeutic experiment was undertaken to determine if added blood chlorides would produce function of her sweat glands. She was given 500 cc. of normal saline solution containing ten per cent glucose intravenously. She resented restraint in a "twitch", by tetanizing her neck, and leg muscles, thus expending considerable energy during the injection. When 400 cc. had been administered her superficial vessels dilated, and the skin of her neck and shoulders became moist.

Fifteen minutes after the injection she was galloped six furlongs and developed a generalized sweat, evenly distributed on both sides of her neck, behind the elbows, and between the hind legs. It was the first time in two years that she had sweated.

A salt addition to her diet was made at this date consisting of a half-teacup daily, well mixed in the grain. She continued to sweat normally, and improved in physical appearance and vigor. Her water consumption likewise increased. On May 10th, (15 days later) the blood chemistry was repeated and the blood chlorides level had risen from 248 mg. to 478.5 mg. There was no other appreciable variation from the previous analysis.

Discussion

For the past decade the cause of acute heat exhaustion in equines has been associated with a sustained loss of blood chlorides from persistent sweating under prolonged exposure to excessive heat. Sodium chloride intravenous therapy is beneficially used as an adjunctive treatment to correction of the local circumstances. A blood chlorides reading in acute heat exhaustion is not available for comparison at this writing, but it is to be recalled that in the clinical manifestations of the latter, sweating is likely to cease with intensity of the attack, but resume when saline solutions are provided intravenously.

From this preliminary study it is believed that there is a form of anhidrosis in race horses in the tropics which is associated with a persistent low blood chlorides level. Anhidrosis becomes a chronic entity, under racing conditions, without the occurrence of an acute heat exhaustion syndrome in which it is presumed that either the chlorides fall to a lower level, or acutely, to the same level.

The natural source of salt for herbivorous animals is standing plants

The Sporting Calendar

Horse Shows

(These dates are tentative and subject to change.)

APRIL

21 & 22—Indoor Spring Horse Show, Boulder Brook Club, Inc., Old Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

MAY

6—Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.
12 & 13—Secor Farms Riding Club Horse Show, White Plains, New York.
13—Success Horse Show, Great Neck, L. I., New York.

18 to 20, inc.—Los Angeles National Spring Horse Show.
19 & 20 or 26 & 27—Meadow Brook Saddle Club Horse Show, N. C.

19 & 20 or 26 & 27—Harrison Horse Show, Harrison, New York.
19 & 20 or 26 & 27—Hartford Spring Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.

20—Oaks Hunt Horse Show (tentative), Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
20—Western Massachusetts Horse Show, Springfield, Mass.

26 & 27—Deep Run Hunt Club Horse Show, Richmond, Va.
28 to June 2—Devon Horse Show, Devon, Pa. (tentative).

JUNE

2 & 3—Watchung Riding & Driving Club, Watchung, N. J.
7, 8 & 9—Sedgefield Horse Show, Sedgefield, N. C.

9 & 10—Grand Rapids Charity Horse Show, Grand Rapids, Mich.
9 & 10—Connecticut Valley Horse Show.

9 & 10—Second Annual Horse Show, Leona Stables, San Leandro, Calif.
13 to 16, inc.—Charles Town Horse Show, Charles Town, W. Va.

16 & 17—Long Meadow Junior League Horse Show, Long Meadow, Mass.
17—Birchwood Horse Show, Wethersfield, Conn.

16 & 17—Tarrytown Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Westchester Co., N. Y.
22 & 23—Richmond Co. Horse Show, Staten Island, N. Y.

23 & 24—Gymkhana Club's 16th Annual Horse Show, Gymkhana Club, 20th Ave., San Mateo, Calif.
23 & 24—De Witt Kiwanis Tecumseh Club Horse Show, De Witt, N. Y.

23 & 24—Three Oaks Riding Club Horse Show, Allentown, Pa.
29 & 30—Ox Ridge, Darien, Conn.

JULY

2, 3 & 4—Cache Valley Horse Show Ass'n., Logan, Utah.
3 & 4—Albuquerque Horse Show & Racing Association, Culpeper, Va.

12, 13 & 14—Monmouth Co. Horse Show, Rumson, N. J. (tentative).
28 & 29—Junior League Horse Show of Colorado Springs (tentative).

AUGUST

4 & 5 or 11 & 12—Sagamore Horse Show, Bolton Landing, New York (tentative).
11—Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.

11—Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va.
25—Kewick Hunt Club Horse Show, Kewick, Va.

25 & 26—Pioneer Valley Horse Association, Athol, Mass.

SEPTEMBER

1 & 2—Williamsport Horse Show, Williamsport, Pa.
1 & 3—Warrenton Horse Show Association, Warrenton, Va.

1 & 3—Altoona Horse Show, Altoona, Pa.
2—Blandford Fair Horse Show, Mass.

2 & 3—Quentin Riding Club Horse Show, Quentin, Pa.
2 to 9 inc.—Kentucky State Fair Horse Show, Louisville, Ky.

which contain it. Plant salts are principally those of potassium. Feeding for racing does not permit an abundance of green roughage. Consequently the ration of race horses is likely to be low in salt unless it is methodically mixed in the grain. The case studied illustrates that a stall salt lick can not be relied upon to assure the needs of an individual whose systemic salt level is abnormally low.

Imported horses, like people, sweat heavily and persistently when undergoing tropical acclimation and should benefit from proportionate salt additions to the diet.

(Note about the author: Major Gilyard is a veterinary practitioner from Waterbury, Connecticut. He and his wife, the former Betty Wadsworth, are hunter and jumper enthusiasts. They follow the local shows and hunt with the Watertown Hounds.

Major Gilyard was recently awarded the Legion of Merit for his work in the eradication of Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis (sleeping sickness) in Trinidad. He conducted experiments determining that a Culicine mosquito is the common carrier of the South American form of the disease.)

5—Central Wisconsin State Fair Ass'n. Horse Show.

7, 8 & 9—Maryland Hunter Show, Pimlico, Baltimore, Md.

9—Helping Hand Horse Show, Piping Rock Horse Show Grounds, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.

13, 14 & 15 or 27, 28 & 29—Piping Rock Horse Show Association, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).

15 & 16—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Inc., Fairfield, Conn.

20, 21 & 22—North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).

20, 21 & 22—Chester County Horse Show, Devon, Pa.

22 & 23 or 29 & 30—Hartford Fall Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.

26 to 30 inc.—Los Angeles National Fall Horse Show.

26 to 29—Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association, Inc., Bryn Mawr, Pa. (tentative).

29 & 30—Bellewood Horse Show, Pottstown, Pa.

30—Lance and Bridge Club Horse Show, Ashland, Va.

30 to Oct. 6 inc.—Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, Ormond, Nebraska.

OCTOBER

5, 6 & 7—Rock Spring Horse Show, New Jersey.

7—Third Annual McLean Horse Show at Bala-lantree, McLean, Va.

7—Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.

27—56th Regiment National Guard Horse Show, Newburg, N. Y.

NOVEMBER

7 to 14, inc.—National Horse Show Ass'n. of America, Ltd., N. Y. (tentative).

DECEMBER

14 & 15—Brooklyn Horse Show, New York.

Hunter Trials

MARCH

11—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Third of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

APRIL

8—Deep Run Hunt Club Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.

15—Deep Run Hunt Club Junior Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.

MAY

6—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Fourth of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

Delhi On Horseback

Continued from Page One

Kila. Built on the ruins of almost mythical Indraprastha, by the great Moslem Emperor Humayun, the fort contains the fine red Mosque of Sher Shah, and the little building of Sher Mandal, where Humayan slipped while rising from evening prayer and died a few days later of his injuries. Today an old Indian fortune teller squats on the inlaid piazza and prophesies promotion, love and home for eight annas.

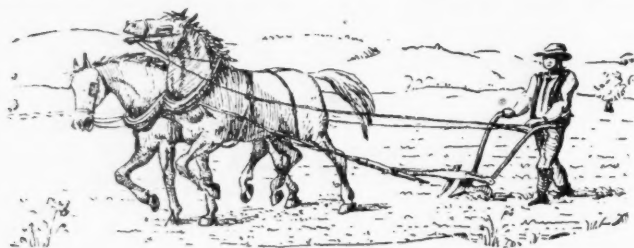
Leaving the Fort, I ride out across the brown rolling hills beyond to the railway embankment where the city ends. Passing through an underpass I emerge into the open country bordering the Jumna and have a long gallop between the yellow mustard fields to the river itself. A few fishermen live on the bank and I always pay to see the catch. Mostly they have the little white fish of the Indian rivers but occasionally a twenty-pound maseer that makes me wish for the tackle to go after him properly. The river turns deep purple at sunset and the herons and wild fowl stand like painted sentinels along its sand bars.

Turning toward the city again I ride through a stretch of river jungle where the tracks of boar used to gladden the hearts of Delhi's pre-war pigstickers. Twice I surprised an old tucker who sidled away grunting. Many jackal also have their lair in the area and the fishermen tell me that a hyena has come there lately.

Recrossing the railway embankment, I ride across country to the marble latticed Mausoleum of Humayun, and dismounting, climb to the top to see the sunset over the city. It is dusk when I ride back to my barracks to find my Nepalese syee, waiting under the big trees with carrots for my horse and broad Gurkha smile for me.

Buy WAR BONDS

FARMING in WAR TIME



How County Agents Can Help Farmers

Your county farm agent may not be able to tell you where you can get a package of cigarettes but there's little farm information he doesn't have in his office.

Take dairy cows or rabbits, pig brooders or hay driers, alfalfa or garden pests, tomato varieties or apple trees. Your county agent is bound to have a bulletin on the subject—or he can get you a prompt answer from a specialist. He can find information on almost everything for you, from cockroaches to raising ducks.

If you want to learn to sing a 4-H song, press a suit, dress a chicken, or freeze lima beans, try the county agent's office. Maybe it's the home demonstration agent who'll answer your homemaking question—but the agricultural Extension Service office has bulletins for many of your needs.

The Extension Service cooperating with the U. S. Department of Agriculture makes every effort to publish in leaflet or bulletin form the latest information of value to the farm family. Since this service exists for farmers, they should take every advantage of it.

Time To Get Hay Drier Priorities

Any farmer who wants to install a barn hay drier this spring for better and greener hay should ask his county agent immediately for priority application blanks. Fill them out and send them in right away.

Those who already have received their priority ratings from the War Production Board should order equipment as soon as possible. There's no time to waste if you want equipment in time for early hay cuttings.

Last year, approximately 120 of these barn drying systems were operated in 33 counties in Virginia. Approximately 5,000 tons of hay were cured in the barns. The first of these hay driers was installed only three years ago. Many farmers have installed a second system in another barn after one season's experience

with the first drier, several county agents report.

Many an owner of a hay drier says he gets the entire cost of his system back the first year, by saving hay that otherwise would have been lost. Others say their barn-cured hay is worth \$10 per ton more than field-cured hay.

A wooden duct system built on the mow floor is the basis of the hay drier. Air is forced through the ducts and up through the hay by an electrically driven fan. The hay is dried in 8 to 15 days after it's put in the barn. You can get additional information from your county farm agent.

Cull Flocks In View Of Poultry Situation

With poultry meat still in great demand and egg prices in many sections below ceiling, poultrymen would do well to reduce their laying flocks.

Flock owners are advised to get rid of all birds that are not laying heavily and continue to cull and sell all other birds as they stop laying in the future. This kind of advice is far from new but it's as important as it has been all winter, especially since eggs are due to become even cheaper.

This spring, however, a good number of baby chicks should probably be started so that laying houses will be filled with good layers early in the fall. It appears now that the egg demand in the late summer and fall will be as good as, or better than it was last year.

Since the demand for poultry meat will probably remain strong until midsummer, it should be found more profitable to buy straight-run chicks instead of sexed pullets. This is certainly true of the heavier breeds, and unless one has a very poor market, even the Leghorn cockerels will probably bring more than it cost to raise them.

Baby chicks are in pretty heavy demand, therefore, it's recommended that you order chicks immediately if you haven't already done so. The heavy breed chicks should be started in March, and the Leghorn as early in April as possible.

Will You Plant Pole Or Bush Beans In '45?

It's up to you whether you pole or don't pole your snap and lima beans.

Garden specialists say it all depends on the individual garden and the gardener, whether the bush type or pole beans are planted.

Here are some guide posts, anyway. Pole beans will usually bear over a longer period of time and will, therefore, bear a greater amount of beans than will the bush type. Pole beans, however, require more space, more labor—and poles. It's hard to secure poles and it does take valuable time and labor to set them up.

In favor of the bush bean, there is the point that the bean beetle may be controlled easier than on pole beans. You'll just have to weigh these angles and make your own decision.

If you decide to grow pole beans, by the way, it's time now to cut the bean poles or order them. Poles should be as straight and substantial as possible. Wood which snaps off, breaks too easily, or decays quickly should not be used.

Studying Breeding Farms

Veterinary Doctor Jose Mora, of Argentina, is in this country to study the American Thoroughbred in training and on the farm. Sent here by Raul Chevalier, president of the Association de Criadores (Breeders Association) in Buenos Aires, Argentina, Dr. Mora has also had extensive experience on breeding farms in Chile. According to Dr. Mora, the larger farms in both countries compare favorably with ours in size. Armed with letters of introduction to many of the prominent breeders, race track officials and veterinarians here, Dr. Mora expects to be in this country about four months.

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Fillies For Caracas

Continued from Page Twelve

its red light district. We were made to anchor in the harbor as the dock facilities were in use. Our voyage had taken us exactly nine days. We had beautiful weather and despite the representations of the engineers that the Mates' jobs were entirely political, and the accusations of the Mates that the Engineers always smeared a little grease on their faces to come to table to give us the impression they had been working, our ship had sailed in excellent time to its appointed destination.

Life on the ship had intrigued me greatly. I had been landlocked for practically all of my forty-three years and my few fishing experiences off Cape May and in the Chesapeake had initiated me to the desperate nausea of seasickness. Yet I had not felt the slightest queamishness on the voyage. Some of my friends had given me a pep talk about the psychology of seasickness being a state of mind. I couldn't decide whether it was confidence in my friends' convictions or the anxiety and activity I had with the fillies which kept me in good health. Probably a little of both. In any event, whenever the teen-age mess boys or youthful enginemen approached the old fellow who took care of the horses, with greenish complexions and dreamy eyes, they always left him feeling that there was at least an outside chance that their sheer will-power might bring to them the light of another day.

We were anchored in that hundred degree heat of LaGuaira harbor for twenty-four sweltering hours. Two other American ships arrived within a few hours behind us. A few surreptitious sea going remarks were made about the planning and the Venezuelan Customs which had stationed stoical but diligent guards at the ends of each passageway. It was around seven the following evening that one of the ships pulled away from her berth at the dock. The pounding of our engines and the ringing of our ship's bells as we started to move in was music to my ears. As our winches pulled us sidewise up to the narrow sea wall inside the dock the Captain called for me. Johnny Phelps of the Junta Hippodrome de Nacional had arrived for his fifteen fillies for Caracas.

Johnny had brought with him a freight train, three grooms, twenty stevedores and a philosophy about getting things done whether you know how to do them or not. It was twenty-three miles from LaGuaira to Caracas over the three hundred foot mountains. The plan was to put the stalls with the horses in them on the narrow gauge railroad cars with the big crane on the dock, have the three grooms attend them en route and meet them in Johnny's car around nine A. M. the next morning at the Estacion Caracas. This was all Jake with me except lifting out our fillies in their own stalls. They were much too light to stand the nervousness of a half ton of Thoroughbred. Moreover, I had noticed one or two broken floor boards when changing bedding. We had brought with us the big reinforced loading crate. So we led a horse into the loading crate, placed it on the car with the crane, brought the crane's cable back for the stall, lifted the empty stall to the car and led each filly from crate to stall. All except the weanlings which we placed on the cars in their own stalls. We put a blanket on Linda and I gave each of the yearlings and two-year-olds a shot of my nerve medicine, Colobro. Hegemann, the aforementioned Union Delegate did a fine job in riding the crate off with each horse. Hegemann had seen Preston bring the horses on the ship in the crate and there must have been something about it that appealed to him. He asked for the job. After my one wild ride that one time leaving the ship, I know it didn't appeal to me.

We finished railroading our fillies at three-thirty A. M. As Johnny and I were leaving for Caracas the Captain asked that I come back the following day to sign off the ship at the Consul's office.

Two things stand out on that drowsy early morning drive to Caracas, the sight of the flickering lights of the city as we came up over the brow of the mountain with the dim outline of another mountain beyond and the glistening garage doors before the lights of Johnny's car when we pulled to a stop at 5 A. M. I asked if they were made of mahogany, Johnny said, "Yes."

We got about two hours' sleep. I didn't need any more after the cup of Venezuelan coffee which Alberto brought me. It was marvellous. It seemed to blend with my dormant senses and encourage them to vitality. Venezuelan coffee is served almost like syrup and you thin it with hot milk to taste. It never seems to get beyond your tongue and that appreciative organ avidly yearns for more. The fresh pineapple juice is another nectar of the gods but let us get on to the station to meet our fillies.

The train pulled in a little before ten. It had rained hard over the LaGuaira mountains. Johnny's boys had blanketed them all and they nickered excitedly when the dinky engine squeaked to a stop. After a short conference with the station agent, we switched the train into the station platform, which was level with the bed of the car, took down the sides of the cars, slid the stalls around at an angle, tore off the fronts and walked our horses off slick as a whistle. They were led to the stables at the track where each was beautifully housed with tongue and grooved mahogany fourteen feet square.

My coming from a land which idealizes the artisanship of Sheraton, Hepplewhite and W. & J. Sloan in their works of mahogany, made such prodigious use of this rich looking wood seem like sacrilege. Mahogany in Venezuela, however, is the cheapest wood there. They use it for everything. Shutters which they paint, beams over which they plaster, stairways, floors, yes and even garage doors.

My greatest disappointment of course was the death of Linda. I have no criticism to make of the two Venezuelan Veterinaries in whose hands she was placed immediately on arrival in Caracas.

As part of the audience in the dramatics of her medical treatment, my appreciation was as great as my opinion and instructions were different. The comprehensive explanations of diagnosis with gestures in Espanol, though not at all understood, made it very plain to me that the situation called for nothing short of supernatural powers. The flourish with which the hypo needle was used and the smile of deep conviction that the exact remedy had been administered proved conclusively that those powers were fortunately with us. Six hundred thousand grams of penicillin and innumerable shots of cold vaccines had gone into her. She died forty-eight hours

after our arrival. It had rained that early morning from LaGuaira to Caracas and in the open freight car the heat of the harbor, her already weakened condition could not withstand the further elemental changes of atmosphere and climate, much less any other rigorous treatment.

Mammy's Chile continued to have a bit of cough and a 102 to 103 degree temperature for two or three days but is in good condition at this writing which is a week later. All the others are in splendid shape. Johnny Phelps and the Jockey Club were so enthusiastic over the quality and condition of the fillies that they voted the attendant an extra stipend and an additional order for fifteen more.

Venezuelans love the quality and substance of our American Thoroughbreds. They much prefer them to the Argentine horses, even though ninety per cent of the horses there are Argentinian. This is mostly due to the war and the complications and difficulties our shippers have to go through in exporting horses under present conditions. There could be no greater influence, however, in the sustaining of our present very friendly relations with Venezuela than the development of business of livestock of all kinds with that amazing country.

Venezuela is the size of our eastern coastal states from Maine to Florida, and a population of less than Boston. It is the only place in the world where our dollar is worth less than par. Sixty-five cents to be exact, and this happens to be exactly what a pack of American cigarettes would cost you in Caracas. Caracas is about two hundred thousand and the capital. It lies in the middle of a pie crust table with the crust at some edges rising to nine thousand feet. (The middle is over three thousand). The average temperature of Caracas is sixty-five. One of the nights I was there the temperature got down to fifty—the coldest night in twelve years. Orange trees, bananas, king palms and orchids are a few of the things which fascinate a North Temperate Zoner. Legend has it that three hundred odd years ago the little huts built on stilts over the surface of Lake Maracaibo appeared to look like Venice to one of the expeditions of European freebooters happening by and henceforth Venezuela it was.

The mile racetrack is a gray loam that is grand for horses' feet and legs. It's slow of course but it will help their horses to last longer. The track is practically in the center of Caracas and surrounded as it is by high green mountains, this provincial American was torn between its beauty and the thrill of galloping horses. They have eight races each Sunday. I only lost on four of them because we didn't get there until the beginning of the fifth, so I didn't affect my usual average one way or the other. Their race program followed ours very closely, seven furlongs to a mile and a sixteenth with six and seven entries in each race. I had an orangeade at the bar between races and believe it or not it was deliciously sweet fresh orange juice!

Benj. Franklin and Poor Richard to the contrary, notwithstanding, especially about that fish and guests business, Johnny and his lovely wife were as unhappy to see me go as I was to leave them. I had lived in their charming Tropicalia a week, aided and abetted by the thoughtful attentions of Alberto, Hilda and Marie Teresa. I must make one confession. At least so far as Alberto was concerned. Alberto was Portuguese and his limitations in Spanish were on a par with mine. Whenever I uttered a sound Alberto would summon Hilda, who was from Trinidad and very proud of her English. Thus, rather than disrupt the household's efficiency, I uttered practically nothing to Alberto and we would simply grin at each other politely on meeting. A precedent had been established for Alberto in the treatment of Americanos and a very pleasant one it was, too. A few months preceding my visit with the Phelps, a famous American lady was there with some friends including a Colonel who had an insatiable passion for Scotch whiskey. Whether the Colonel spoke Portuguese or not I do not know, but he made his gratitude known to Alberto in such a convincing manner, that I was the grateful recipient of a Scotch highball at any and all hours.

I fear that my reaction to this treatment only deepened Alberto's convictions that this was the safe and proper one in maintaining friendly relations with these curiosos los americanos.

It was with very mixed feelings that I looked out upon the mountains of Venezuela above La Guaira from the Pan American plane headed for my family and Maryland. Venezuela and its people are warm and mix with your blood. The coffee, oranges and high altitudes are heady things.

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In The Country:-



Met In Pacific

Lt. Oliver Filley, Jr., who is on his way to Virginia after completing his missions with the Air Corps, did not lack for excitement in the Pacific. While he was on a mission one day, he was forced down and radioed his position to the ship to be picked up. Surprises were in order when the person in charge of the rescue ship was none other than Lt. Winston Frost, of Middleburg, Virginia.

Kent County Vs. Foxcatcher Hounds

The report by Mr. Johnson of Foxcatcher Hounds recounting the occasion when a fox sat still while hounds ran right by, caused W. R. Hubbard to recall a similar incident which occurred in Kent County sometime ago.

"Hounds were in the middle of a good run when the fox was viewed by several of the field breaking covert with hounds close behind him. He was headed across a large stretch of pasture toward another piece of woodland, but he evidently decided that hounds were too close for him to make it with safety, so he suddenly squatted down in the grass and hounds ran right by him. As soon as they were a few feet from him and while they had checked, he jumped up and ran back to the covert from which he had come and then continued to give a good run."

Wedding

Lt. Thomas T. Mott II and Mary-Helen Davidson of Chevy Chase, Maryland, were married on February 26 and left for Tampa, Florida where Lt. Mott is stationed at Drew Field. Lt. Mott is the owner of several steeplechasers and kept in close contact with the activities of his stable even though he was on duty overseas. He has been with Doo-little's 8th Air Force and has received six decorations; the Air Medal with 4 Oak Leaf Clusters and Distinguished Flying Cross with 2 Oak Leaf Clusters. Having completed his missions as a combat flyer, he was returned to this country.

Commander

Lieutenant Commander Robinson McIlvaine, USNR, has succeeded to the command of a destroyer escort of the Atlantic Fleet on which he has been executive officer since early in 1944. His Naval experience includes command of a squadron of subchasers and he saw service in the Solomons during the Guadalcanal, New Georgia and Russell Islands Campaigns. Mrs. McIlvaine, (nee Jane Stevenson of Middleburg, Virginia), has a full time job taking care of young Master McIlvaine but turns in some hunting notes and copy to The Chronicle in her spare moments.

He Made It

John Tollon of Erie, Pennsylvania accepted the invitation to judge at

the Cavalry Riding Academy's show last month and was due to be in Cleveland at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The roads were bad—as they have been all winter—so he decided to come by train. He was at the station to take the train that drops off the Erie sleeper from the east but this Sunday morning it did not stop as the local out of Buffalo had the Erie car. This would have made him too late for the first class so he called his wife to have her bring the car. After about ten miles, the car quit. He called home, had a man bring out another car and another twenty miles found them stopped at Conneaut, Ohio. He hailed a car and got a ride the rest of the way into the town and sent a man back to fix the car so Mrs. Tollon could get back to Erie. A taxi to Ashtabula—a bus into Cleveland—judged the show—did a grand job—had a bit to eat and drink at the Wychgel's—caught the 8:30 p. m. train back to Erie that night.

Another Movie Episode

By Mary Curtis

Mr. A. Henry Higginson's entertaining account, in a recent number of The Chronicle, of the filming of a hunt in Cattistock, recalls a somewhat similar event, about the same era, at Myopia. Only "somewhat similar", as the occasion was a drag hunt which, compared to a fox hunt, must always remain "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine". I do not know the name of the movie, nor that of the company, whose standards as to costumes must have been inferior to those of present day Hollywood.

The producer wished to introduce a hunting scene, and inquired from Mr. James W. Appleton, M. F. H., whether they might come to a meet of the Myopia Hounds and take some pictures. Permission was granted, and the actors appeared, wearing black silk jockey caps and flimsy looking cotton riding coats, but all bright red!

The occasion was to be a meet of the hounds and another shot was to be of the field jumping a certain fence, where the hero was to have a "hunting accident". As the actor hero evidently balked at this incident, the producer called for a volunteer, who was to receive five dollars if he would throw himself from the saddle while the horse was taking the jump. One candidate offered himself, the Fred Ayers' very daring groom, who, after donning the hero's coat and jockey cap, did his stunt with zest, fortunately landing unhurt. The producer paid him the promised sum, then said, "Would you mind doing that over again? There was something not quite right that time." The intrepid groom pocketed the bones but very sensibly declined an encore.

Screen For Tear's Stall

As a protection against pests, both walking and flying, a screened cage is kept around *Twilight Tear's* stall at Hialeah Race Course. The Calumet mare, almost unanimous choice as Horse of 1944, is visited by dozens of sightseers daily in spite of the racing shutdown.

Oldest Silver

America's oldest piece of authenticated Colonial Silver is a racing trophy, found some fifty years ago in a Fifth Avenue antique shop and now in the Yale museum. Awarded by Governor Richard Nicolls, the trophy was inscribed "1668 Wunn. att. hanstead. planes."

Belwyn Sold To Millbrook

The hopes of horsemen for an early revival of racing are reflected in the \$10,000 price Millbrook Stable paid Dr. George T. Hanna in the recent purchase of the 3-year-old Belwyn at Hialeah.

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Classified Ads

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FOR SALE—Top conformation show hunter. Chestnut gelding, 6 years, 16.1. Hunted and shown by a Lady. Sound and perfectly mannered. May be seen and tried at Boulder Brook Club, Inc., Old Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y. Phone 677. 2-23-2t-c

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred chestnut gelding, 16 hands, 7 years. Owned and ridden by Miss Mimi de Baubigny. Has been shown successfully. Can be seen at Boulder Brook Club, Inc., Old Mamaroneck Road, N. Y. Phone 677. 2-23-2t-c

FOR SALE—Reigh Star, b. g., 1940 by Ned Reigh—Starry. A winner and good cross country prospect. Priced to sell. Rocky Ridge Farm, Reisterstown, Md. 2-23-2t-c

FOR SALE—Grey heavyweight hunter, 6 years old by Vito, a good jumper and a nice ride. Grey middleweight hunter, 12 years old by *Mendoza (Thoroughbred). Can hunt any country. These horses are sound and priced to sell. Capt. A. M. Marshall, Fox Ridge Farm, Malvern, R. D. 2, Pa. 1t ch

FOR SALE—Light chestnut stallion, Colonel Mosby, by Tutticurio, out of Lowcost. Foaled March 9, 1941. Weighs 1180 lbs. This horse is well developed and has good disposition. R. F. Eberly, R. F. D. No. 5, Box No. 223A, Richmond, Va. 1t ch

FOR SALE—Top Thoroughbred bay mare 7 yrs., 17 hands, by *Ksar out of *La Royale. Outstanding high and triple-bar jumper. Splendid hunter with show ring success and one year's experience with recognized hunt. Has been showed and hunted for over year by a lady. May be seen and tried at Charles Carrico's Bradley Farms, River Road, Bethesda, Md., tel. Wisconsin 2860. 3-2 3t ch

FOR SALE — "Clovercroft". 146 acres well located on the Fauquier Springs road in the center of the Warrenton Hunt territory, modern colonial type dwelling with large white columns, 12 rooms and 4 baths, ample servants' quarters, garage, etc. Lovely grounds, nice view. Immediate possession. Price \$60,000.00. J. Green Carter, Agent, Warrenton, Va. 1t ch

FOR SALE

Heavy Weight Hunter

Standing between 16.2 and 16.3. Ch. g. with blaze—3 white stockings—11 years old—marvelous disposition and very much a pet. Has been hunted, I believe, with East Aurora and Genesee Valley Hunts; with Country Club of Rochester Hunt, I know.

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POSITION WANTED — Horseman, married, no children, age 50, with lifetime experience, in the care of Thoroughbred horses and stable management. Fully capable of taking full charge of same. Excellent references. Prefer position in South Md. or Va. Robert Watt, Ramafo Road, Ridgefield, Conn. 1t pl

WANTED—Basket Saddle for child two years old. State condition and price. Crefeld Farm, Plymouth Meeting, Penna. 3-2 3t ch

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MISCELLANEOUS

HORSEMAN—Cavalry Schools graduated with various experience in teaching riding, modern jumping, hunting, schooling horses and management wishes suitable position with School, Hunt or Riding club, private show stable. P. O. Box 35, Mayfield Heights, Ohio. 2-2 1t

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